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The Feel of Fall [pages 28-30]

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Taking a Cue From Nehemiah

PREPARING for the publication of *Together*'s last issue, a double-sized collector's edition which will appear under a November-December dateline, we have been brought close to events of the 17 years of this magazine's life-span. The experience has reminded us that the word *crisis* is not new in the vocabulary.

If we had thought that rolling back the calendar to 1956 would bring us to a time of tranquillity, that notion was quickly dispelled by flipping backward through the 17 volumes. As a monthly publication for church-related readers, *Together*'s task has not been to cover world news in the manner of *Time* or *Newsweek*. But the church's involvement in world events is apparent in key words from *Together* headlines over the years: Hungary, Algeria, Cuba, Congo, Biafra, the Middle East, Bangladesh, and of course, Viet Nam. Similarly, we have had the national tragedies conjured up immediately by words like Selma, Dallas, Watts, Attica, and Kent State.

And now 1973 has brought us, among other things, the Watergate hearings.

The tendency in all of this is to wonder if eventually, or perhaps very soon, we may lose the ability to be shocked any more. Louis Harris, the respected pulse-taker of public opinion, reported in early August that his analysis of the national mood revealed "rather deep cynicism about politics and politicians. It is likely to be a long time," Mr. Harris concluded, "before faith in the federal government is fully restored in the aftermath of Watergate."

This would be one of the most disturbing aspects of the Watergate affair—that as a people we have lost confidence in our institutions and in ourselves.

If ever there was a time for disillusionment, this perhaps is it. There is a crucial difference between past government scandals and this one. This was no Teapot Dome attempt by greedy men to make personal gains. This was the perversion of democratic institutions and the betrayal of public trust by men very close to our President, men whose loyalties were not to the moral principles of our national heritage but to the preservation of their clique's power. Rights of individuals were secondary; the people's ability to make prudent electoral judgments was doubted.

We might have imagined it before but we couldn't have brought ourselves to believe that the very agencies of our government itself could be used to subvert the traditional democratic process of our system.

In all that has been learned so far, of course, no solid evidence has shown the President himself to have been personally involved in or aware of the Watergate break-in. But the image of his Administration has been badly tarnished, and he has seemed all the more remote from the American people and even from members of his own staff who by their own testimony were afraid to tell him all they knew.

In a poignant plea during his August 15 address to the nation, President Nixon asked Americans not to let "an obsession with the past destroy our hopes for the future." We think a great many people have the heart to heed that plea. It's just that their heads are so persistently bothered by questions and doubts which Watergate has raised. It is no obsession for Americans to want to know why a cancer could grow within the highest levels of our government.

No, of course we can't let Watergate destroy our hopes for the future. Ours is still a great country which can have a great future. But for public confidence in government to be restored and national self-confidence to be regained, the people have a right to expect that truth will be vigorously pursued. The past cannot be ignored nor forgotten.

It was inevitable that someone would recall Old Testament history and find parallels between Watergate and events at Jerusalem's Water Gate in the time of Ezra and Nehemiah. U.S. Supreme Court Justice Harry A. Blackmun was one United Methodist who remembered how Nehemiah inspired reconstruction of Jerusalem's ruined walls in the fifth century B.C. In a prayer-breakfast talk during the American Bar Association's annual convention, Justice Blackmun struck what *The Washington Post* called "the first and most resounding moral note" of the week-long ABA meeting.

Our time, said the Supreme Court justice, is not dissimilar from Nehemiah's. "One may say that our Jerusalem is in ruins. One may question . . . whether its foundations are eroding and whether the walls, after all, are only rubble." He worried that many people "appear to accept this as inevitable and to be willing merely to endure, as though this were a necessary consequence of self-government."

Justice Blackmun's challenge: "Will we be able to invoke the spirit of [Nehemiah's] day and of his people when under his leadership they said, 'Let us rebuild' and 'Let us start'?"

Much rebuilding must be done. Watergate and associated aberrations have outraged Americans of all political persuasions. Many feel betrayed and disillusioned. More than ever we need to learn to live together in trust.

That is why it is good to hear a voice like Justice Blackmun's, recognizing how seriously the nation has been affected by Watergate, warning against cynicism as an escape route, and calling for the walls of public morality and responsibility to be rebuilt. —*Your Editors*

What is there to say about a tree that a tree can't say for itself? (Was it a returning POW who said he would like to sit down and just look at a tree all day long?) But the leaves of this autumnal beauty will soon fall, as described in our color pictorial **The Feel of Fall** [pages 28-30]. The tree will stand bare until summer's green leaves—each leaf a tiny factory—rustle in the breeze again. And for all our vaunted knowledge, we cannot imitate photosynthesis—the work of one simple green leaf—a process upon which all plant and animal life, including our own, is ultimately dependent. Cover picture by George P. Miller.

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FOR UNITED METHODISTS

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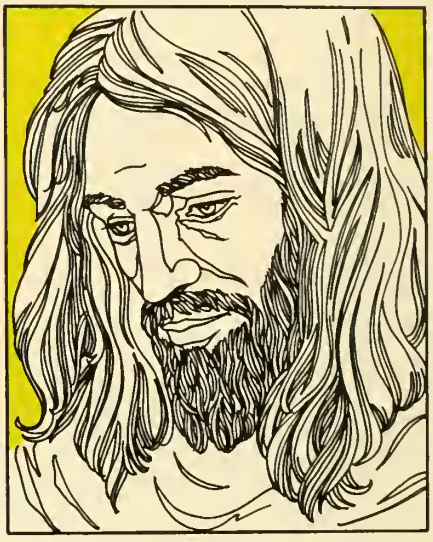

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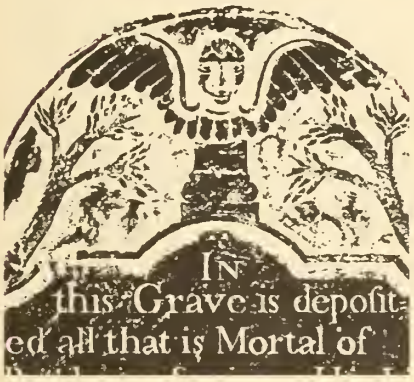

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Jottings

The next issue of *Together*—the last before it is succeeded by the church's new magazine, *United Methodists Today*—will reach you around November 15. Why the delay? We are combining the November and December issues into a special, 100-page commemorative edition containing some of the best-loved and important articles, covers, and pictorials published during the past 17 years.

Ours has been a fascinating assignment: combing thousands of pages in some 200 issues of *Together* dating back to October, 1956. While we can reprint only a few of the many worthwhile features we have found, we believe you will find this special issue of enduring interest—a magazine you will want to keep for years to come.

The keepsake November-December issue also will carry some new material which will survey the magazine's role during years of extraordinary sociological, theological, and economic change. It has been a satisfying revelation to discover how well *Together* has kept pace with the times.

Those of us who have been a part of what was introduced as a "bold new venture in church journalism" can only take pride—a very humble pride—in what the back issues of this magazine reflect. But at the same time we look forward eagerly to late December when we can share with you *Together*'s bright new successor, *United Methodists Today*.

Sometimes, but not often enough, one of our contributors sells us an article and then, more or less casually by way of correspondence, tells us another story almost as good.

This month we thank **Kay Haugaard** of Pasadena, Calif., whose short article *The Common Denominator* appears on page 31.

Mrs. Haugaard, mother of three teen-age boys, lists cooking, writing, and teaching (in that order) as her hobbies. She calls herself a "Ph.D. candidate dropout" and confides she was born "quite a while ago."

But to get to the little story she tells about herself. She says she grew up in a small farming community, and this didn't help her adapt to life in Los Angeles.

"I never did get used to locking doors, and one day, after leaving the front door open as usual, I came home to find that some burglars had come to call.

"I was distraught and felt sick with guilt until the policeman sent to investigate pointed out that the burglars had not come in the open front door but had pried open a bedroom window, apparently not even thinking anyone would be dumb enough to leave the front door open.

"As I surveyed the wreckage, I found, however, that a burglar's sense of what is valuable is definitely not the same as mine.

"They had passed by all my children's kindergarten drawings in favor of a coffee can full of their coin collection. They showed no interest in the beautiful jewel box my husband made for me. They dumped it out and pawed through its contents, again passing by the priceless macaroni necklace my middle son made for me at scout camp.

"Then, apparently disgusted at the low quality of loot, they went to a great deal of trouble to haul off our color TV set.

"After looking over the mess, I finally sat down and laughed with relief. Good luck to them, I thought. I hope they enjoy watching *Let's Make a Deal* and *Secret Storm*—I'm only thankful they didn't take anything of value!"

We think it only fair (or at least humane) to warn would-be intruders about **Becky S. Pearl,** author of *'Meet Mr. Bushnell . . . My Dad'* on pages 36-37.

Left alone one night in her room at an army post while her husband was on maneuvers, she listened apprehensively to an ominous tapping inside a nearby closet. She was convinced that someone was checking to see if she was asleep before coming into the room to kill her.

"I had no gun, so I picked up the flashlight, grabbed an army boot, and headed bravely for the closet. I was thinking, *I'll yank open the door, shine the light in his face, and clout him with the boot.*

"This I did—and almost demolished the water heater!"

—*Your Editors*

A retiring town-and-country authority foresees . . .

New Life, New Tasks Ahead for Rural Churches

JUST A COUPLE of weeks before he moved to his new home in New Mexico, *Together* asked Dr. Rockwell C. Smith, retiring professor of sociology of religion at Garrett Theological Seminary in Evanston, Ill., for an interview. He expressed delight that we had called. Associate Editor Martha A. Lane would be welcome to visit the next week.

His office was crowded with things. His books, including several he had written, were still on the shelves. He would come back in September for them, he explained over the bubbling sounds of his large coffeepot. On the wall behind him hung a large wooden ox yoke, a symbol of the ministry, given him by his brother and refinished by former students. A pendulum clock above the desk ticked loudly. It had belonged to a widow who lived with Dr. Smith's family when he was a boy. It had gone to his father, then to him. He pointed out the scratches around the keyhole, marks left by his father's weekly winding, "the trembling hands of an old man."

"I've enjoyed being a minister, being a scholar. I fish. I'm not much for hobbies, if you mean things like judo. I can spend all day in a hardware store just looking at tools. I guess I'm not going to be very good as an old man—I should have interests."

We wanted to interview Dr. Smith because he has left some marks of his own—on the face of rural America rather than on a clockface, and in the lives of hundreds of seminarians. He was retiring after more than three decades in Garrett's department of sociology, during which time he had become known as an authority on rural churches. Are rural churches also about to retire from the scene? we wanted to know. If not, just what is their future?

Before we share his answers, let us tell you a little more about the pastor recognized by many as United Methodism's grand old man of town-and-country ministry.

"Rocky" Smith (the nickname has been his as long as he can remember) grew up in a city—Holyoke, Mass. His first contact with a rural congregation came when, as a DePauw University senior, he served a small Indiana church. It was not love at first sight. "I was pretty young and insensitive to them, and they were pretty old and insensitive to me," Rocky puts it. He decided then that he probably shouldn't enter the ministry. "But what do you do if you're preregistered at seminary? You go to seminary—and I went."

Dr. Smith's second rural appointment came to him as a seminarian at Boston University. The congregation was in Belchertown, Mass., and this time things were different. "Their love and concern and patience was so moving and deep an experience that now I wanted to be a rural pastor," he recalls. He was there for nine happy years, during which time he also served two other small congregations.

Frances Eckardt, a DePauw classmate, became engaged to Rocky in 1929; they were married in 1931 following his graduation from seminary. She brought her literary and counseling gifts to their common ministry, writing a number of plays and producing such others as Channing Pollock's *The Fool* with the Belchertown players.

After attaining a doctorate in rural sociology at the University of Wisconsin, Mr. Smith went to Garrett to fill a "temporary" hole in the faculty. He stayed for more than 30 years.

"In no field in the church has innovation been so appropriate or so rewarded as in the town-and-country church," says the quiet gentleman who felt the impact of Dwight L. Moody on his own ministry. "Dwight L. Moody was a great liberal spirit, a uniquely American religious innovator," he points out.

"In town-and-country churches the screwball, the visionary, the minister with ideas has had full scope. Rural pastors have had a measurable unit of people who responded to them, not as officers or as functionaries, but as persons."

Some people say rural churches are dying. Others say they are just coming into their own again. What is the situation as you see it?

I've been listening to that sort of debate for 40 years. People were saying the rural church was dying that long ago. People who say that generally mean that certain aspects of rural life are changing and they see this as having a negative effect on the church. For instance, there were more than 30 million people working farms in 1930 and there are less than 10 million now. A lot of people are aware of that and say that means the decline of the rural church. What they don't see is that, at the same time, the rural nonfarm population has been growing. Something like a quarter of all Americans live in rural areas—both on and off farms—so the rural church will continue.

How have rural churches changed in the last 25 years?

I think the best thing that's happened is that some very original ministers have seen the town-and-country church as a promising field and have given their lives to it. They're what makes the rural church exciting.

I suppose if you're talking about significant social activities or trends, you'd have to say that population shifts and dislocations have made new programs possible and brought in new leadership potential. Along with the decline in the farming population, there has been a rise in the para-agricultural population. These are highly educated men and women. They have brought dynamic leadership to the rural churches.

Another thing. It has been found that rural churches are not all old people, as sometimes has been theorized. Now members of churches of 35 to 40 people might be mostly young people who work in the city but live in the country because they want a different kind of life for their children. It used to be that if you moved out of town, you had to send your children to an inferior school. That isn't true any more. If you say to these people, "You ought to go to church in town," they'll tell you, "You're crazy! We don't want that big church. Here in our little church we can know people, we can help educate our children, we can make our voices heard."

Small churches—most United Methodist churches are small churches—are becoming revitalized by this movement of urban-employed people to rural residences. I see other new patterns, too—the development of rural residential areas and more people spending more leisure and recreational time in the country.

"Some friends have been unkind enough to say the only way I got through college was to marry my major professor's daughter. That wasn't true. Frances and I didn't become engaged until after college. She has a doctor's degree in psychology. She had a private consulting practice in Evanston."

In your most recent book [*Rural Ministry and the Changing Community,* Abingdon Press, 1971, $4.75] **you say that we are on the brink of a cultural revolution. Would you describe that revolution?**

Our day is one in which we have largely supplanted organic power with nonorganic power. You might say we have traded in my mother's turkey-feather duster, her two tubs and scrubboard, and the set of irons she heated on the fire for electric scissors, a blender, radio, hair dryer, saber saw, sewing machine, refrigerator, stove—and on and on. We've gone to machine power. We have at our fingertips more power than anyone has ever had.

Now, with all this power, we've got a couple of problems. One is that we have a lot of leisure time as a result, so we don't know what to do with ourselves. My mother and father, for instance, had their work cut out for them; their lives were defined by necessities. But I have plenty of leisure. Life isn't telling me what to do; it's asking me. This is a critical question.

The second problem is, now that I have so much freedom, I also have so much additional power. You can't do much harm with a broom and a feather duster. But with an automobile you can kill people. So we have free

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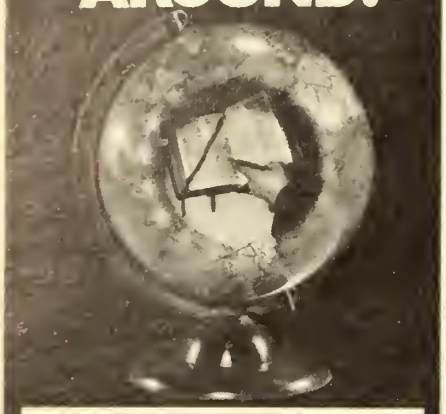

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time that demands decisions and extensive power that demands discipline. One reason we need so many psychiatrists is that people feel the strain this causes.

It would be much more comforting to live in a peasant world where everybody had to work hard. Peasants knew what they had to do to survive. We don't. Our survival hinges on dubious things like Watergate and Viet Nam, things about which there's nothing I can do. I can't make the Administration honest. I couldn't get Nixon to quit fighting in Viet Nam. Young people are highly idealistic. One of their reactions to this dilemma is that they're becoming increasingly cynical and some finally blow themselves to pieces. This is the cultural shift that I see. It'll be with us awhile.

That's a rather foreboding picture of our times.

It's a bit scary, but it's also a great opportunity. For the first time, ordinary people can live very intentional, free lives. But, you know, it's very costly to be free. If you're an insecure person, it's much easier to be under the domination of someone else. The passion people have today for dictatorship is the passion of people who can't face their own freedom. They get into a shelter somewhere. Dictatorship is kind of a bomb shelter for the spiritually afraid.

Getting back to the rural church, how has the image of the church itself changed in the rural community?

I'm not sure how to answer this question because I'm torn between seeing the church as local people in the community and seeing the church in terms of its leadership. I think one of our tensions there is in the fact that ministers tend to see the church in the context of change; parishioners tend to see the church in terms of stability. This is different in different localities, of course. Central Iowa, for instance, is change-oriented. Other areas are not. You don't ever really know what the image of the church is in the mind of a layman.

Is the role of the rural clergyman different now?

By and large ministers aren't as influential as they once were. The reason is, a generation ago the minister was the only educated person in many rural communities. Now he is only one of many.

Do you think rural churches have more influence on their communities than urban churches have on theirs?

I'd say this: There is a greater potential for influence on the part of the rural church simply because a rural community has more unity than an urban community. How much influence could one church have on Chicago?

On the other hand, rural churches can have a real influence. In Centerville, Iowa, for example, churches have had a profound effect on the life of the community because the ministers have made it their business to be involved. They meet every two weeks. One minister represents all the churches to the police. Another relates to welfare. They attend all the official meetings of the organization they're assigned to and they report back to the other ministers.

I think, generally speaking, a community likes its minister to be active in community affairs if he doesn't neglect his liturgical and pastoral responsibilities.

What can the rural church do for the city church?

The rural church is now serving the city church by filling the religious needs of city people on vacation. The second thing is that all of us—not only city people—are dependent upon the countryside for certain important things: food, fiber, and fuel. Rural people have in their care these three tremendous resources. The rural church must therefore preach a gospel which relates their care of these things to ultimate, rather than to short-term, goals. By helping its people manage our resources in a creative way, the rural church is serving the urban church.

In this day of extreme mobility, the rural church also often provides leadership for the urban church. Urban churches sometimes send their leaders to rural churches, but proportionately the movement tends to be the other way around.

Is there still a trend toward forming cooperative parishes?

I think the future lies with much larger circuits than we have now. The average United Methodist circuit is

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too small to keep a man busy; more preachers are lost to the ministry by not having enough to do than by having too much to do.

With larger circuits, linking together maybe 15 or 20 churches, we'd have much more of a staff operation than we've had in the past. A parish might have four pastors working as a team. One man might take the overall supervision of the parish, with another specializing in counseling, others in Christian education and youth or women's programs. This is the pattern that's coming—a collective approach to rural ministries.

One of the best examples of this sort of thing that I know is the Warren County Group Ministry in Iowa. It includes the Indianola church of 1,400 members and 20 small churches around. They even have a shortwave radio to assist them in their work which covers nearly two counties.

I'm all for ecumenical parishes, too. One of the predicaments we face there is that The United Methodist Church is a connectional church and we can put churches together quite quickly and efficiently. But if you're going to work with the United Church of Christ or a Disciples church or a Baptist group—and these are the ones you'll most often find interested—you'll have to work with a congregational polity. That leaves a great deal up to local people. So you must have local consensus worked out for a long period of time. It's a little difficult to do.

Who makes a good rural-church minister?

Often the best preparation for being a rural minister is to be a born-and-bred city boy. Frequently country-reared youths think they know all the answers, but a city boy is quite ignorant and I can teach him something. Readiness to learn is the *sine qua non* of effectiveness in a rural parish. Another central quality is a certain originality or madness of spirit. I have often spoken about "screwballs" as making the best rural ministers. Rural people respond to a man who has imagination and is willing to cut through conventionality and red tape to get to the heart of the matter, so that great rural pastors always have a certain wild, untutored personality about them. □

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NEWS

GOOD NEWS MEETING: RECORD CROWD HEARS OF 'MISSIONS CRISIS'

Families turned out in record numbers for the fourth Convocation of United Methodists for Scriptural Christianity, where more than one third of the record crowd of 2,085 were young people. The convocation, sponsored by the unofficial Forum for Scriptural Christianity within The United Methodist Church, also known as Good News, was held in July in scenic Lake Junaluska, N.C. The 34-member Good News board approved formation of a 25 to 50-member consortium of evangelical United Methodist laity and clergy to focus on what was called "the worst missionary crisis in the recent history of our denomination." Reasons cited for the "crisis" were shortage of money, declining number of missionaries overseas, and a "radically new, secularized philosophy of mission." A basic rationale for the ministry and activities of Good News, adopted by the board, gave more evangelicalism in seminaries, missions, and family life as goals of Good News.

Host Bishop Earl G. Hunt, Jr., of the Charlotte Area welcomed the convocation to Lake Junaluska, saying the tides are with the evangelical movement. In his opening address, the bishop also cautioned the movement against false doctrine and superficial social conscience. Throughout the convocation, it was stressed that evangelicals must work for scriptural renewal within The United Methodist Church.

TWO SPECIAL DAYS, NEW BIBLE STUDIES IN STORE FOR CHURCH

Two special observances in October are World Communion Sunday (Oct. 7) and World Order Sunday (Oct. 21). The World Communion offering supports Crusade Scholars, provides scholarships for minority students in the U.S., and supports counseling and certification services of the Division of Chaplains and Related Ministries of the Board of Higher Education and Ministry. World Order Sunday emphasis on creating a climate of peace and strengthening the United Nations is expected to continue beyond the annual observance in ongoing study and action programs.

The first unit of an adult Bible study is available in September. Entitled Our Living Bible, the series places the Bible as the central resource and consists of 12 units published quarterly and undated....A special Bible series for children is scheduled for September 15 release. Story Line II is a series of 14 Bible stories--each 5½ minutes long--designed for children's TV. Produced by the American Bible Society, Story Line II is offered free to TV stations as a public service....The interdenominational Ecumedia News Service is providing tape-recorded religious news summaries and interviews with religious leaders to more than 1,250 radio stations in the U.S., Canada and overseas. Biweekly, 20-minute tapes are available to stations on request....United Methodist Communications is the new name of former news, interpretation, and radio, television, and film agencies now combined under the Joint Committee on Communications. . . CURRIC-U-PHONE, the toll-free long distance telephone service which provides a direct line between users and developers of United Methodist church school curriculum resources, was extended nationwide beginning September 1. Interested persons can dial a special number (1-800-251-8417; Tennessee residents call collect 615-749-6482).

THEOLOGY, MEDICINE MAJOR EMPHASES OF CRUSADE SCHOLARS

During the 1973-74 school year 76 Crusade Scholars--12 more than last year--will study at 33 American colleges and universities. While 19 are from ten overseas countries, 57 represent U.S. ethnic and language minority students. Theology and medicine are their

major study emphases with 60 and 15 percent, respectively, enrolled in these fields. An increasing number of persons in other countries are studying in their regions where study includes formal academic and informal adult continuing education. They are Crusade Scholars just as much as the students at schools in the U.S., said Margaret Swift, executive secretary of the program. They are aided primarily through "block grants" of undesignated funds sent to committees in overseas areas to be used as they wish in providing aid.

IOWA TORNADO LEADS TO AWARD FOR NEW BUILDING

Practically everything is movable in the centrum of Central United Methodist Church, Charles City, Iowa. Honored by the National Interfaith Conference on Religion and Architecture as one of five outstanding churches built in 1972, Central was designed for utmost flexibility and multipurpose use. Already the 1,400-member church has hosted theater groups, organ and voice recitals, and a dinner for 700 persons. The congregation resulted from merger after buildings of Central and First Churches were destroyed by a 1968 tornado. The $1 million, debt-free structure contrasts sharply with the old buildings which dated to 1903 and 1869.

BISHOP COPELAND OF HOUSTON AREA DIES AT AGE 61

Death took the second man in less than a year from the United Methodist episcopacy when Bishop Kenneth W. Copeland, 61, of the Houston Area died Aug. 7 following a heart attack. Earlier this year Bishop S. Trowen Nagbe of Liberia died at age 39 following a long illness. Bishop Copeland had become ill in Mexico City while attending a meeting of the World Methodist Council executive committee. Bishop Paul V. Galloway was called out of retirement to fill his unexpired term for this quadrennium.

Earlier this summer Bishop Copeland was one of four United Methodist delegates attending the British Methodist Conference annual sessions. He had headed the Houston (Texas Conference) Area since 1968 and before that headed the Nebraska Area eight years following his election to the episcopacy in 1960 from the pastorate of Travis Park Church, San Antonio. Burial was in San Antonio. Survivors include his wife and two married daughters.

STILL NEED CHANGES TEN YEARS AFTER CIVIL RIGHTS MARCH

Ten years ago 250,000 persons of all races and religions gathered in front of the Lincoln Memorial in the March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom--largest civil-rights gathering of its kind and one supported virtually by all churches and religious organizations. What civil-rights progress has been made since that August 28, 1963, march? Summing up the assessment of many religious leaders, United Methodist Theressa Hoover said, "The past decade has left us only with the surface of expressions of hope and relief. The points where core changes are needed have remained virtually untouched." The black associate general secretary of the Board of Global Ministries' Women's Division added that "while many institutions have opened up in the area of employment of ethnic minorities most of the openings have affected

only a token few. The majority is still outside the upward-moving work force, or at the very bottom of the ladder." Calling for a new "mammoth legislative effort" to complete the civil-rights work were Dr. A. Dudley Ward and Dr. Earnest A. Smith, Board of Church and Society executives. In a joint statement they said, "Economic discrimination, disenfranchisement, and inequities in educational opportunities still plague the American dream."

OMBUDSMAN OFFICE TO CLOSE NEXT YEAR

The United Methodist American Indian Ombudsman office established in 1971 will be terminated May 1, 1974, following a decision of the denomination's National American Indian Committee. The Rev. Raymond G. Baines, ombudsman, Glendale, Calif., has been asked to set up in its place five regional task forces. Their purpose would be to visit and make recommendations to parishes where Indian work is being done. Responding to the committee's action, Mr. Baines said, "I have given indication to the committee that our style of operation should change, that we should become more regionalized rather than trying to function as we have on a national level. I feel that the ombudsman program has fulfilled its intended responsibility and fulfilled the goals it set out to do." The committee also voted to meet Oct. 22-23 to press demands for funding at the October Board of Global Ministries' National Division meeting. According to present budget plans, that division's allocation for Indian work will be cut in 1974.

METHODISTS IN INDIA REJECT DATE ON CHURCH UNION

The Southern Asia (India) Central Conference of The United Methodist Church has voted to reject November 29 as the date on which the Central Conference and the Church of North India (CNI) would have merged. The Central Conference, known in India as the Methodist Church in Southern Asia (MCSA), voted 97 to 32 against the November date. No reason was given for its vote. Under decisions of the United Methodist Judicial Council, the Central Conference presumably can act only on a possible date for union, not refuse to unite. The Judicial Council, United Methodism's "supreme court," ruled in 1972 that a 1970 session of the Central Conference went "beyond its legal authority" in voting against union after India's 11 annual conferences had voted for merger by the required majority, as had a 1969 Central Conference session. The MCSA, with 600,000 members, is the largest United Methodist body outside the U.S. It is slightly smaller than CNI.

UNITED METHODISTS IN THE NEWS

New mayor of Richmond, Calif., is the Rev. Booker T. Anderson, Jr., a California-Nevada Annual Conference member....Confirmed by the U.S. Senate as Commissioner on Aging was Dr. Arthur S. Flemming, United Methodist layman whose government service dates to 1939. He is a member of Washington D.C.'s Foundry Church....A United Methodist missionary who was denied entry into Rhodesia last spring is now in Kitwe, Zambia, with his family. Dr. Norman E. Thomas is working at the Mindolo Ecumenical Foundation which has programs in writing, library service, women's training, and youth leadership development....The Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) honored two United Methodists. Reelected as SCLC board chairman was the Rev. Joseph E. Lowery, pastor of Atlanta's Central Church and a member of the General Council on Ministries. First white recipient of SCLC's Martin Luther King, Jr., Award for contributions to social change through nonviolent means is the Rev. John P. Adams, director of law, justice and community relations for the Board of Church and Society. Mr. Adams worked at Kent State, Detroit, Newark, Wounded Knee, and the Miami Beach political conventions as a liaison between various factions. He recently helped write "The Truth About Kent State" (Farrar Straus Giroux, $3.50), co-authored by the Board of Church and Society and lawyer Peter Davies.

More Honey in the Hive

WHEN HE was a small boy going to school in Ontario, Canada, he was admired by his classmates because he knew more about honeybees than almost anyone. Now, more than 50 years later, he probably knows more about these remarkable little insects than anyone in northern Greece. And because he has been at work in that country for more than a year now, many Greek farmers around Thessaloniki should soon find more honey in their hives.

William A. ("Steve") Stephen of Worthington, Ohio, retired in June, 1972, as extension specialist in apiculture at Ohio State University. That same month he and Mrs. Stephen left for Greece to help in a beekeeping project sponsored by Church World Service with generous additional aid coming from the United Methodist Committee on Relief.

Active members of the Worthington United Methodist Church, the couple had been looking for further areas of service at a time when many of their age are seeking retirement homes. Mr. Stephen volunteered for the assignment when "one day a news release came to me—underlined 'Beekeeper for Greece'—giving a New York address."

Mr. Stephen says his first experience with bees began when he was ten and his brother started beekeeping on a limited scale.

"My knowledge gave me an edge on my fellow classmates and, I guess, gave me a feeling of importance that I could not attain in any other line of study or sport. My brother and I helped pay our way through college by working with bees."

After graduate work at the University of Toronto and the University of Wisconsin, he joined the U.S. Department of Agriculture's bee culture branch where he experimented with one and two-queen colonies for maximum populations to get maximum production. Before going to Ohio State, he served for 16 years as a beekeeping specialist for North Carolina State University.

First stop for the Stephens in Greece was the rocky Mani region "where there is practically no level land and it is a rare bee that can find a straight beeline." (There is a saying in Greece that this is where God dumped all the leftover rocks after creating the world.) Just the same, honey is a major cash crop for nearly 400 Mani beekeepers with approximately 7,000 hives—and an industrious honeybee has to work pretty hard to gather nectar from thyme, arbutus, heather, and the few other wild flowers that find root among the rocks.

Touring Greece for Church World Service, beekeeping specialist W. A. Stephen (left) stops at an apiary in the Mani region near Sparta.

After a brief stay in the Mani region near Sparta, the Stephens went to the American Farm School near Thessaloniki. As a Church World Service worker, Steve is not actually on the school faculty but is working to support its extension program. In classrooms, and in the apiary as weather permits, he works with both boys and girls, illustrating his classroom instruction with some of his more than 1,000 color slides taken in various parts of the world.

As a result of his first introductory talks, 10 girls and more than 50 boys decided to take training in beekeeping, Steve reports proudly. He also has lectured at the Aristotelean University in Thessaloniki.

"I am conducting a survey to discover the cause of the dwindling bee population in northern Greece—a serious problem for farmers. Hopefully, we can offer help in overcoming some of these losses in honey production," Steve explains.

He finds the Thessaloniki area quite different from the Mani. "This is a region of rolling farmland where wheat, sugar beets, and cotton are some of the crops. The greatest concentration of apiaries is where pines flourish. Honeydew is secreted by insects feeding on the pines."

The primary purpose of Mr. Stephen's being in Greece, of course, is to pass along new ideas and methods and to encourage self-help.

"He is a dedicated Christian with obvious technical competence," says James MacCracken, executive director of Church World Service.

Such projects do call for people with particular skills who are concerned enough for others to volunteer their services. Sometimes such people are hard to find—especially beekeeping specialists—but in W. A. Stephen, the church believes, the right man has been found.

—Herman B. Teeter

United Methodism's 12 Black Colleges:

Innovations for Now and a 'Yes' to the Future

By James F. Campbell
Associate Editor, *Together*

AS COLLEGES open for the fall term, among those United Methodists are carefully evaluating are the 12 black colleges related to the denomination. Long a weak link in the financial structure of the church, the schools were made a part of the apportioned askings of the church by the 1972 General Conference which set up the $6 million annual Black College Fund. Five million dollars is to be shared on a formula distribution basis among the schools for current operating expenses, with $1 million for capital improvements.

At the halfway mark this year a little less than $1.4 million had come in. Does this mean that these schools will continue to suffer from lack of church support?

One of the Black College Fund's two directors, the Rev. DePriest W. Whye, doesn't think so. "It's a new fund, and it will take time for the church to get behind it and really support it like the church can," he said. "What's more, when you compare what has been received this year with the results of the 1972 Race Relations Sunday offering and the Negro College Advance Special, we're already more than $400,000 ahead. Besides, it's quite likely that the bulk of the money will come in during the second half of the calendar year."

The 12 schools are basically like most colleges except that they have predominantly black student bodies, small endowments, thoroughly integrated faculties, are all southern-based, and have managed somehow for years on the kind of optimism Mr. Whye expressed.

Traditionally the colleges have offered four-year degrees in the sciences, arts, and education and still do. In ten decades these schools have produced some of the nation's outstanding blacks. Including those from United Methodist colleges, 74 percent of black holders of doctorates in philosophy and 83 percent of all black physicians are from black colleges. In addition to supplying an education, the United Methodist black colleges minister to some of the most economically deprived people of the nation. Eighty-six percent of the students in these 12 colleges require some type of financial aid. Currently about 10,000 students attend the 12 institutions.

Here is a brief rundown of each institution with emphasis on latest trends and programs.

Bennett College, Greensboro, N.C. The only all-female school in the group. Seminars, resource persons, and projects of the student's own choosing are utilized for the first two years. The third year, called Interdisciplinary Studies, may be spent working in the community or in distant places. Some students spend the year abroad. Final year is spent developing solutions to whatever problems were encountered. A "big sister" plan encourages the students to offer tutorial and other leadership to neighborhood children.

Bethune-Cookman College, Daytona Beach, Fla. Gives special assistance to certain students coming out of depressed and underprivileged environments. For students who score in the lowest quartile on college entrance tests, the school gives individual attention in communications skills—reading, writing, speaking—and mathematics.

With funds from the U.S. Department of Justice, Bethune-Cookman sponsors a Law Enforcement Education Program. Main thrust is to encourage students to become well-informed citizens of the law. Participants may receive up to $1,800 per year. Most participants are required to work with federal and local law-enforcement officers in the learning process.

Claflin College, Orangeburg, S.C. To offset student deficiencies in mathematics and reading, the school offers enrichment studies during the summer immediately preceding fall enrollment. Major emphasis is upon expansion of remedial programs. New degree programs are being instituted in recreation and health.

Clark College, Atlanta, Ga. Instituted a four-course structure per semester for each of two 15-week semesters and a one-course structure for its 3-week interim term. The new structure is intended to get away from traditional heavy loads students carry, offer more continuity and sequence to curriculum planning, and provide greater incentive to learning. The interim term is set up to give students uninterrupted and intensive study in extracurricular subjects either on or off campus. In addition the school has applied for an educational FM radio station that will become a part of a mass communications program for the Atlanta University Center.

Dillard University, New Orleans, La. Offers a curriculum designed to give freshmen freedom from excessive requirements, heavy course loads, large class sessions which depend for the most part on lectures, and traditional courses. Faculty instead helps students utilize the freshman year as a period of orientation to learning.

To offset problems many of its students have with communications, Dillard has installed an electronic laboratory to aid new and older students in English and speech classes. Students can hear and analyze their speech on recordings with faculty assistance.

Huston-Tillotson College, Austin, Texas. New courses are offered in government and politics in Africa, politics and stages of economic growth, and personnel management. New efforts are being made to use the surrounding community more as a laboratory for relating theory to practical application.

Meharry Medical College, Nashville, Tenn. Devised a plan which permits students to complete their training in three years. The plan includes earlier exposure of students to patients. Medical students are also encouraged to show empathy for the poor and are taught that health care is a right rather than a privilege.

Morristown College, Morristown, Tenn. A new course in social science called Social Institutions is an interdisciplinary problem-solving course for freshmen. The course consists of three sequential progressions, carried on throughout two semesters, dealing with the basis of community and society, the structure of community controls, and the black experience. For academically deficient freshmen, Morristown has a Higher Education Learning Procedures (HELP) program whereby students upgrade their skills in reading, grammar, math, and so on. Once upgrading is accomplished, students are transferred to the regular program.

Paine College, Augusta, Ga. Encourages a work-study (co-op) arrangement which enables students to get job experience while in school. The program strives for relevance in current business practices by actively inviting the participation of businessmen in regular curriculum teaching and by involving student participation in the business life of the community through on-site visits, tours, and actual on-the-job experience.

Philander Smith College, Little Rock, Ark. Implements an Upward Bound Talent Search program for physically disadvantaged veterans, who receive precollege orientation and academic help where needed. For adults seeking to improve their education, the school works cooperatively with the University of Arkansas and the state's Department of Adult Education to conduct workshops for professionals and teachers in adult education. In another joint effort, this one with the Little Rock Model Cities program, students participating in jointly assigned projects receive credit from the college.

Rust College, Holly Springs, Miss. In cooperation with the School of Nursing of the Methodist Hospital in Memphis, Tenn., offers a B.S. in biology and a diploma in nursing. Has combined its divisions of social science and education into a new division of social and behavioral sciences. Departments of the new division are: history and political science; sociology and social welfare; education and psychology; and health, physical education, and recreation.

Wiley College, Marshall, Texas. Expanded both its natural sciences and communications departments, the former the result of a grant from the National Science Foundation. A new addition to the curriculum is a major in hospital management.

Naturally, these capsule descriptions do not tell the complete story. What has been featured are unique programs at the various schools while attempting to avoid the many overlapping ones. All 12 schools are fully accredited by their respective associations of schools and colleges.

The question remains whether there is still a need for the black college. The Rev. Daniel W. Wynn, director of the office of college support in the Board of Higher Education and Ministry and who has acted as liaison with the schools the last eight years, termed them very basic. "While the black colleges are not owned by annual conferences like many of the white schools," he said, "what must not be forgotten is that they touch students that only they can." □

Our Church Is Too Tired and Too Liberal

By MARJORIE KING GARRISON

Advance copies of this article were mailed to a sampling of *Together* subscribers. Their answers to a questionnaire and some individual reactions to the article are on pages 16 and 17. Marjorie King Garrison, author, teacher, mother of five, and active Methodist for 25 years, lives in Pasadena, Calif.—*Eds.*

IN THE 1950s Methodists were confidently planning new churches in new areas with other denominations. Work and money were involved, but people were excited at the prospect. Dual services were scheduled to accommodate the crowds, and there was talk of enlarging sanctuaries.

Now a United Methodist church is lucky to have one service half full. In many churches youth departments have practically disappeared. With few exceptions the only growing churches are the more conservative ones. Why? How has the liberal church lost its power, spiritual as well as financial? It is not enough to say that the intellectual appeal is not as great as the emotional one. Jesus did not appeal to the intellectually and religiously elite but to the common people. It was the masses who heard him gladly.

I think part of the answer is that we have tried to give our children a secondhand religion. We have tried to avoid Sunday-school stories that bothered us intellectually, never realizing that the strength of our faith came from struggle and that we were slowly emasculating the Bible. Indeed, often the strongest members of a liberal church came from a fundamentalist background. People rebelled against a too-liberal interpretation of the Bible, but they had grown up with the traditions of tithing, regular attendance, Bible reading, and commitment. Too often these habits were not transferred to their children.

Thirty years ago when I married my Methodist husband, I didn't mind changing to his church because from my teen-age years I had been challenged by the books of Methodist E. Stanley Jones, who seemed to combine the best of personal religion and the social gospel. Although there were pacifists in my more conservative denomination, many Methodist ministers had taken an active stand against war, and for two of the three and a half years that my husband spent in Quaker camps during the war, the church had paid his $35-a-month room and board for Civilian Public Service.

I was a Methodist four or five years before disillusionment about the church set in. I discovered many of its members lacked the commitment that I found expressed in its literature. I also was dissatisfied with the training we and our children were getting. I might have disagreed with some of the Bible interpretations I received in a more fundamentalist church, but at least I knew something about the Bible. In the Methodist church my children had been taught nothing more than truisms—"God is love" and "God makes the flowers grow."

Although pins for perfect attendance might be childish, I at least was taught that attendance was important and that I was expected to know about God's Word. And why shouldn't the church demand as much of its members attendance-wise as Kiwanis or the Rotary Club?

I grew up in a church that taught tithing, and the budget (which included at *least half* for others) was met in only one Pledge Sunday. I found it hard to understand why my husband and other men of the church had to do at least a month of calling on Methodist members to raise a budget which seldom included more than a fourth for others.

In nostalgia I visited my old church and other more fundamentalist churches, but found that the sermons and music did not compare to what I had become accustomed to. I realized that I couldn't go back. It was obviously the training in the conservative church—not the sermons and music—that I missed.

The year we were on sabbatical in Europe, the decline in enrollment really hit both the youth department and the adult church school, and we came back to a central-city Methodist church with no youth department for our three younger children. As soon as I could catch my breath, I was back teaching in the high-school and college departments. Trying to build up attendance, I began

to check around to see which churches had big youth groups. Almost without exception the liberal churches had lost their youth. The really vital, alive youth groups were in the more fundamental churches. Why? Because young people found there an authority and a commitment not stressed in our more permissive churches.

Our youngest daughter, Kathleen, had just finished her first year of teaching. Although she has attended church school and church regularly since she was a month old, she really found Christ in a Campus Crusade at San Diego State College. She was one of 14 youth who went on a Methodist-sponsored cultural exchange to Chile while she was in college. Even though she considers the leader and other students from that group some of the great friends of her life, she found that there was nothing to distinguish that group from any other college humanitarian group—no prayers, no Bible reading, no sharing of Christian beliefs.

Kathleen concluded that prosperity and social programs cannot bring a better world if there are not better people in it. "It is the responsibility of the church to help us to be better people," she says, "If it doesn't, it has no more value than any other cultural or liberal 'do-good' group."

Kathleen's membership is still in her home United Methodist church, but since her Campus Crusade experience at San Diego she has been attending more conservative Wesleyan and Baptist churches. She has been hurt by what she calls her home church's refusal to listen to the complaints of youth—that we need more depth and commitment in The United Methodist Church. At least youth groups like Campus Crusade seem to be meeting young people's needs.

We are not people who insist that "the majority is right"; you couldn't be pacifists in 1942 with that philosophy. Nor are we opposed to social action; my husband chaired our church's Christian social concerns commission for a number of years. However, we do think it is time that we ask ourselves, "Why is The United Methodist Church losing membership, and why are nearly all liberal churches failing to hold their youth?"

It's time we take seriously the message of Dean M. Kelley's book, *Why the Conservative Churches are Growing*. Mr. Kelley's thesis is that it is the church's job to give meaning to life, and to me that is an essential of the Judeo-Christian faith. Religious meaning seldom takes hold if not much is expected of its adherents. Although Jesus was critical of the Pharisees, he did not demand less than the law demanded. He asked more.

Liberal churches have dealt in a watered-down Christianity that has not demanded as much of their members as an active service club. It's time that we learned the ABCs of the hold conservative churches and groups have on youth—beginning with the personal *I*. A world in which mental disorders, suicide rates, alcoholism, and drug addiction constantly increase is a world in which people's needs are not being met. From my own youth, from the comments of my children, and from two years of teaching at a conservative church college, I suggest five qualities we need in the liberal denominations.

- We need the personal *I*—meaning attention to the individuals *and* involvement. When I objected to the dual worship program that was set up because it conflicted with Sunday school, I was told it was better for people who just wanted to slip in for church and have the rest of the day free. A church which demands little of its members gets what it deserves. I questioned then the commitment of members who did not want to get involved; and now, when even our one church service is half empty, I know we failed in not teaching involvement. Campus Crusade has study courses and weekly Bible classes and expects Christians to try to spread the Word. Kathleen has done more Bible reading in the two years since she actively accepted Christ than she did in her previous 22 years under Methodist tutelage. Our youngest son, dating a girl from a more conservative church, finds himself going both Tuesday and Wednesday evenings to Bible study and fellowship.

The Christian is expected to be involved, not just to have his name on the church rolls. In the three years I worked with college students in our church I got very discouraged when the computer handed me class rolls, listing at least seven out of ten young people whom I hadn't seen in church since they were junior-highs.

- We need a church that speaks with *authority*. When liberals criticize the conservative church's authority as dogmatism, I recall that the Bible says Jesus taught with authority, not as the scribes and Pharisees. (It is interesting to notice that the Roman Catholic Church's membership and priesthood are declining now that it speaks with less authority.) Although fashions and styles and methods may change, I believe that there are certain moral and ethical principles that are eternally true, whether it is the fashion to accept them or not. Situation ethics, propounded by many religious teachers in the liberal church, have lowered the moral authority of the church and have lowered the moral tone of the world.

- We need great emphasis on Bible reading. It is the responsibility of the Christian to read the Bible to know God's will for his life. I cannot go back to Kathleen's interpretation (and my mother's) that every word in the Bible is a word straight from God. Rather, I look upon it as showing the growth of man's idea of God. As a pacifist, after all, I see some conflict between the ethics of Joshua (although I can understand them for his time and situation) and the ethics of Jesus. However, I have attended some courses on higher criticism of the Bible by liberal college professors which have undermined all Bible authority. Can't there be a happy medium between the two extremes? All great faiths have stressed the reading of their sacred Scriptures. The Muslim is supposed to know the Koran; the Jew should know the Torah. Should not the Christian know the Bible? In the conservative churches, members do read their Bibles.

- We need to be taught commitment. Sometimes I feel that I live in a world of tired liberals who have either forgotten their early commitment or who have become so concerned about their goals that they are careless ethically in the means they use to achieve them. The conservative still stresses commitment—of time, money, and conduct. Once our church had four morning adult classes for members ages 25 to 60; now we have one. When we attend my brother's conservative church in San Diego, there are well over 200 in the adult class plus a full worship service before and after the class. We're lucky to average 50 in our United Methodist church. Our church has excellent membership-training classes; yet in spite of new people being added to the rolls, this is the first

year I can remember when total membership hasn't shrunk. In my brother's church, membership classes stress commitment; people are told that it is better not to join if they are not willing to commit their lives. In spite of our church's outstanding pulpit ministry, somehow we have failed in teaching commitment to our laymen. Commitment is necessary to make any cause in life meaningful. The best of the early liberals stressed commitment. How have we lost it?

• Finally, we need a church which stresses decision. Liberal churches have tended to play down decision, overreacting to the emotionalism often used by the conservatives. As a result, joining a liberal church is often only a matter of form, one of the things a good citizen does. Decision is necessary to give new dimensions to our lives. We do not value what costs us little. I had very few problems with attendance when I was teaching at a church college because tuition was costly and students were determined to get their money's worth. When I was working for an advanced degree at a state school, I was shocked at the low attendance rates. Many young people who take the privileges of their country for granted are contemptuous of the United States, but the foreign-born adults to whom I teach English are proud of the United States and the advantages it offers because it cost them something to get here. A definite decision costs the individual something and makes for greater commitment to God and his church.

The early liberals had a great history, but it will be lost unless liberals learn the ABCs of the conservative church—the personal *I*, authority, Bible reading, commitment, and decision. □

Readers' Response

1. Do you agree with the author's contention that The United Methodist Church as a denomination is too tired and too liberal?
59% yes **33% no** **8% don't know**

2. Do you think your community views your own congregation as too tired and too liberal?
24.5% yes **55% no** **20.5% don't know**

3. Has the liberal church lost its spiritual and financial power, as Mrs. Garrison suggests?
63% yes **18.5% no** **18.5% don't know**

4. Are you satisfied with the Christian training children receive at your church?
39% yes **49% no** **12% don't know**

5. In your neighborhood, is it true that the conservative churches are the ones which attract young people?
43% yes **26% no** **31% don't know**

6. Does your church offer adults enough opportunities for Christian education and growth?
43% yes **45% no** **12% don't know**

7. The author says that the church demands less of its members than a community service organization demands. Do you agree?
69.5% yes **26.5% no** **4% don't know**

8. Do you agree with the author that situation ethics has lowered the moral authority of the church and the moral tone of the world?
78% yes **14% no** **8% don't know**

Comments

Somewhere, sometime, this decision has to be made by each person: Shall I become so involved with the "pearls of lesser price" (Little League, PTA, Band Boosters, Kiwanis, Cub Scouts, Girl Scouts) that I miss the "pearl of great price"? Mrs. Garrison said it well: "Finally, we need a church which stresses decision."
—Donald K. Goben, Poseyville, Ind.

I agree that we need to emphasize the personal I, authority, Bible reading, commitment, and decision. Our affluent society makes us forget about our needs for spiritual training; instead, it emphasizes such selfish pleasures as recreation, creative talents, leisure, low morals, and the lack of compassion for others.
—Stella M. Mercer, De Kalb, Ill.

I object to the equating—even the hyphenating—of tired with liberal. The connection is mostly in the minds of authors such as Mrs. Garrison. Remember that it was the "tired/liberal" United Methodist Church which produced the Fund for Reconciliation. There have been similar efforts from other equally "tired/liberal" churches —Presbyterian, Episcopalian, United Church of Christ— thereby telling thousands of disadvantaged people that there are Christians who care for them as entire persons —body and soul.

Secondly, it may be true indeed that more is required of the members of service organizations than of churches. But the requirement is to support the projects of the organizations, not to spend time congratulating one another on being members, important though that sentiment may be. Their witness is in doing. So should it be with church members.
—F. Howard Rexroad, Medford, Mass.

United Methodist-related colleges have become too liberal to produce strong leaders for local churches.
—Mrs. E. M. Cannon, Abbeville, Ga.

Our local church has shown growth because of the determination of its pastor and leaders, in spite of the liberal teachings and actions of the denomination nationally.
—Stanley E. Ziegler, Mobile, Ala.

Without the cultivation of the inner life of the Spirit, man is a weather vane, blown about by every wind and doctrine. —Dorothy Wagner, Lombard, Ill.

Our denomination is not tired or too liberal; it is ready to meet every need of its members. Have you sought for answers and reinforcement from your church

lately? Seek and you may find—but don't whine if the church makes you take the responsibility for finding God's plan for you. The United Methodist Church wants you to have your own happening—not a preoutlined security blanket! —Mrs. Barton Kline, Lexington, Nebr.

I don't agree with the author. The church is trying. Its members are too busy, recreation-wise and doing other things, to care. Parents are not attending, so they can't get their children and teen-agers to attend. Why wouldn't a teen-ager rather go swimming or fishing than attend church or Sunday school if he is just shoved out the door and told to go by himself?

About teaching the Bible—you can learn the whole book and still not live as a Christian. The Ten Commandments need to be lived by the parents.

—Harlan B. House, Goodland, Kans.

Should we still call The United Methodist Church our church? We have no voice at annual conference. Lay persons are outnumbered almost 3 to 1 by retired ministers, teachers, administrative officers, and former ministers. Most of the business is cut and dried before we get there. The issues are not the desires of the members of the church. It seems as if the denomination is striving for prestige in its show of fancy new administration buildings and huge budgets.

We agree with the author that our church should demand no less of a responsibility of its members than do the civic organizations so many of us belong to. The church means so much more when one is involved, and there is plenty for us all to do; but we, like so many others, have lost the spark and enthusiasm we had when we were involved in Sunday school and youth work.

I know we are not "standing up and being counted" as we should. But what has happened to the challenges we should be getting from the pulpits to make us feel like we needed to get involved and do as Christ taught? We all need to get back to the old-fashioned worship services that make us feel a vital part of the church and not bystanders that need to be entertained.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Skinner, Mount Pleasant, Iowa

Too tired and too liberal are not synonymous in our minds. In most cases we do not consider our denomination too liberal. However, many members need to be more committed and involved, take church more seriously, and work harder for the church and for personal growth. —Mr. and Mrs. James Heinrich, St. Marys, Ohio

The liberal churches do attract some members who definitely would not attend at all if conservative churches only were available—thus they do some good. I feel The United Methodist Church does a pretty good job of appealing to a wide cross section without sacrificing our basic Christian principles. —Stanley Ford, Wabash, Ind.

In the words of my 14-year-old son, "How can Mrs. Garrison maintain that we have lost our commitment when, in order to become members, we must stand at the altar with our minister looking straight into our eyes and asking us to pledge our prayers, presence, and gifts to The United Methodist Church?" I have tried for many years to honor this pledge; my husband honors that pledge and our son honors it. We are not "different" but a family just like many other families throughout our denomination who honor the commitments. We made our decisions—they were not perfunctory—and many like us have and will make meaningful decisions.

—Mrs. John M. Brackin, Jr., Staunton, Va.

As retired missionaries we get around to many churches. So much depends on the minister. Our churches' real weakness is in the ministers—and yet we have many wonderful young and old ministers alike. We laymen shouldn't criticize too much, and we should do more ourselves through prayer, exhortation, visitation—as the famous Scottish minister Knox said, "We should agonize to save souls." —Edgar R. Miller, Liverpool, Pa.

My guess would be, without knowing for sure, that the trouble with The United Methodist Church stems from the men and women teaching in our theological seminaries; too many of our young ministers come away with ideas not acceptable to the rank-and-file members.

—Douglas P. Weld, Sarasota, Fla.

Our local church cannot be categorized as conservative or liberal. But I confess to feeling that The United Methodist Church as a denomination at times lowers standards and demands which once characterized it, perhaps in an effort to "keep" youth.

—Rhoda P. Ivers, Fall River, Mass.

Our church has become too commercial and is greatly overorganized. Too much time is spent in ritual and not enough in sincere Bible teaching and preaching. In many churches our youth are sorely neglected in favor of community activities. —Mrs. Grant Jenkins, Mathias, W.Va.

I agree with everything that the author says about the liberal churches. She describes correctly many, many United Methodist churches today, but not all of them. My own church is conservative and we have a young minister who is "on fire" for God and preaches commitment, Bible reading, and decision. We have altar calls nearly every Sunday, and many have responded. We have had a spiritual reawakening, and we have many young people who have accepted Christ and have become members. There is much to be done yet, and there are too many members who do not want to be involved in any work of the church. —Name withheld

I can't speak for other churches, but I know that ours has a full program where we are made aware that we are saved by grace and not by the works we do. We do need more of our members to dedicate their financial help. We need more people of the community to become involved in programs offered to our junior-highs.

—Mrs. Virgil B. Cale, Wilmington, Del.

In our communities we find liberal programs in all denominations; it is not confined to United Methodist churches alone. The five qualities suggested, if put into practice, would do much to strengthen the churches of any denomination.

It is always well, when criticizing a program, to have a solution in mind. —Virgil Boyce, Lewisburg, W.Va.

There's a Gas Station in Their Church

CHURCHES located in metropolitan areas are well aware of how mobile many American families are these days. But an entire congregation that has moved six times in its 11 years?

That is the history of Arlington Temple and Community Center of Arlington, Va., whose various homes have included two motels, a garage, and a public school. Oops, we almost forgot. For the first 18 months of its life the Arlington congregation held worship services in a lumber carpentry shop until both the church and the lumber dealer moved to make room for a high-rise office building.

Now, happily, the congregation has permanent quarters —in a building so multipurpose that it has a built-in gas station on the ground-floor level, evidenced by two inconspicuous signs. It happened like this:

The missions board of the Virginia Conference of The United Methodist Church, noting the rapid growth of high-rise apartments and offices in the Rosslyn section of Arlington County, suggested that someone build a church among the high-rises. Several denominations considered it but turned down the expensive challenge.

The conference then appointed a committee to explore the possibility of establishing a United Methodist church in the area and subsequently allocated $90,000 toward the project. This money, along with the donation of the building site, ultimately launched Arlington Temple.

Even then the little congregation of 300 could not afford the building they needed. A partial solution presented itself when the Rev. James L. Robertson, Arlington Temple's senior pastor, learned that a nearby service station would have to move because its site had been rezoned. The pastor wondered why one building could not accommodate a church and a gas station.

So that is why Arlington Temple United Methodists can buy gas on the first floor of their church (the church gets a royalty on each gallon sold), then park their cars and go upstairs to church or a community meeting.

The congregation has been worshiping in its two-story building since November, 1971. There are two Sunday morning services, a 30-minute Thursday noon-hour service (75 to 100 attend) followed by an inexpensive lunch, a Friday noon-hour Roman Catholic mass, two weekly Bible study and prayer groups, and a Sunday evening Christian forum.

The church also provides a school for 16 high-school juniors and seniors five days a week. An Alcoholics Anonymous group meets there, as do numerous other church and community groups.

"We're making good progress in getting people out of their high-rise offices and apartments for 30 minutes a week—letting the typewriters cool and the dictation wait and giving them a chance to worship, to become revitalized. We feel this is something the business world badly needs," says Associate Pastor W. Clark Blevins.

Dr. Robertson agrees: "I want to use the church as a center of instruction in Christian philosophy and ethics. Some 60,000 people either live or work near the church. It is estimated that 90 percent of the residents have no active church affiliation. A few steps away there's a State Department building where 500 people are being trained to go all over the world. To me it's terribly essential that the church of Christ have an opportunity somewhere to present the gospel to these influential people.

"Next door is the CIA [Central Intelligence Agency]. About ten CIA men meet in our building every week and read the Bible and pray together. The decisions that are made every day, within an arm's length of this church, affect the lives of millions of people around the world. This is where the church ought to be. And it ought to have the courage and the strength and the belief that the God we profess to worship is bigger than all that goes on around us."

Words to hymns, in this case the chorus Heavenly Sunshine, *are projected on a screen in the modernistic sanctuary. The multipurpose building is two years old.*

Pastor Robertson sees several other ways in which his church could serve its unique community. It could, for instance, build a high-rise apartment building where young people could live under the discipline of a Christian life-style and it could assign a full-time minister to each of the neighboring high-rises.

Although the $15,000 which the gas station provides yearly is a drop in the gas tank in comparison to the total church budget, it gives Arlington Temple members special reason to hope that the nation's gas shortage will be alleviated soon. —*Martha A. Lane*

At Boys Home of the South, founded by Mr. Aiken in 1958, youngsters find love in a Christian atmosphere. The picture above was taken in 1964 by Jim Wilson of the Greenville *(S.C.)* News. *Other pictures, including that of Mr. Aiken as he is in 1973 (inset), are by George P. Miller.*

Charles W. Aiken:

He Has a Knack for Getting Things

Done

By Herman B. Teeter

ONE DAY A FEW YEARS AGO, Charles W. Aiken stopped by his bookkeeper's desk and declared:

"Do you know what, Stella? I'm going to raise $10,000 and send a plane to Father Gendusa!"

"Who is Father Gendusa?"

"Oh, he's a medical missionary in New Guinea. I read about him in a magazine. Sometimes he has to walk for a week or two to get where someone needs his help. When he has to go to another island in a boat, the trip may take 14 or 20 hours. He could fly over in 15 minutes—thus, perhaps, saving many lives."

To Stella Woods, the bookkeeper, this was just another in a succession of philanthropic endeavors in which the 53-year-old Greenville, S.C., church and civic leader continually involves himself. It all began about 15 years ago when he founded what is now Boys Home of the South, 23 miles south of Greenville. Later there would be numerous other Aiken-organized projects—major and minor—in Greenville, a city of some 60,000, and elsewhere.

It would be wrong to imply that Charles Aiken is a glib supersalesman, a professional fund raiser, or an after-dinner speaker who spellbinds others into donating money for whatever cause he chooses to extol. A tall, dark-eyed, personable man, he is vocal rather than glib; and he has never felt particularly comfortable while speaking in public. He simply has, in his own way, a knack for getting things done.

And the things he wants done spring from motives born under fire 30 years ago in the skies over Nazi Germany.

As a gunner with the Ninth Air Force during World War II, he pledged that if he returned home alive, he would do "something really worthwhile." He did return home, of course, after receiving a Purple Heart for severe frostbite he suffered while wearing too-light clothing when his bombing plane was at very high altitude. For a while he operated a service station, not too successfully, was married, and finally went into business with his three brothers.

For more than ten years he worked hard to establish a prosperous auto parts and chemical business, channeling his energies and talents as a salesman in this direction. But all the while the needs of orphaned, neglected, or unloved children obsessed him.

"He would mention it off and on," says his wife, Evelyn. "But it was such a big undertaking that he didn't quite know how to go about it. We'd talk about it, and he'd say maybe he'd like to give it a try.

"Then all of a sudden he said he *would* give it a try. That was that. When Charles makes up his mind to do something, you can be sure he will do it."

But Mrs. Aiken frankly adds: "I thought he had rocks in his head."

It all started with an abandoned schoolhouse and two young brothers.

The Rev. Earl Pitts, a Baptist minister now in charge of Boys Home of the South, says that Charles "began this home with no money, only a vision, and the generous encouragement and help of others.

"He found a woman who became the first housemother. She took care of the two boys and soon there were 12 in the old school building. Referrals came in from the local welfare department . . . and before long the building was too small. Mr. Aiken again enlisted help from local businessmen to enlarge the home."

Meanwhile, Jack Greer, an executive with Texize Industries, donated a large tract of land—127 acres—as the site for a new home.

With this property as a beginning, Charles went to work in earnest. By letters, telephone calls, and personal visits, he succeeded in raising several thousands of dollars—but that was not nearly enough to build the new home and operate it on an annual budget of about $100,000.

With the outlook not too promising, Jim Nabors entered the picture. At that time the actor-singer was immensely popular as the star of the *Gomer Pyle* television series.

"Getting Jim Nabors wasn't really my idea," Charles says. "I was called over to WBC-TV one morning by Ben Greer, an announcer, who said: 'I spliced tape with Jim at one time, and I'd like your permission to get on the board of the home so that I can try to get Jim for a benefit here.'

"Ben picked up the phone and finally located Jim Nabors at Harold's Club in Reno, Nev. Jim said: 'What in the world are you doing calling me at this time of the morning? I didn't get to bed until four o'clock.' "

Later, through correspondence, Nabors volunteered to assist in the fund-raising campaign. A $25-a-plate dinner in Greenville the first year was an "absolute success," according to Charles. The next year "we filled the Greenville Memorial Auditorium. A man from one of the chain stores here took the responsibility for selling the tickets. Then we had a similar response in Spartanburg—took in about $45,000 out of those two appearances." Then in Columbia, S.C., a $100-a-plate dinner had football coach Bob Devaney of Nebraska, pro grid star Johnny Unitas, and boxer Rocky Marciano as featured guests.

After a not-so-successful program in Atlanta, Charles Aiken and his friends had another idea. Why not sponsor a benefit air show?

"The air show was totally my idea because I had been in the air force and I like aviation and had a feeling an air show would be profitable."

Although some board members took a dim view of the idea, Charles plunged into it as he plunges into all of his undertakings—aggressively. The air show raised about $6,000 the first year; last year it netted $17,000.

"I discovered a long time ago that the community actually enjoys being involved in worthwhile causes," he says. "They are eager to help if a project is good and wholesome. All of our shows are done without pay by

Before he could carry out his World War II pledge to help those in need, Charles Aiken (at right above) had to establish a successful business with his three brothers, Wayne, Joseph, and Fred. At home (below) with Mrs. Aiken and their son, Charlie, he is seldom this relaxed. "He's not happy unless he is working, even on Saturdays and Sundays," says Mrs. Aiken. "He simply doesn't like being cooped up."

volunteers who simply call and say they want to help in some way."

Even so, Mr. Pitts points out, "We had to borrow $50,000 to complete the building. The businessmen who had helped out before signed the note. We have paid interest and principal over the years. We made the last payment in 1972, and now Boys Home is out of debt."

With things going well for Boys Home of the South and more than 40 youngsters living there, Father Anthony Gendusa of New Guinea entered Charles Aiken's scheme of things.

The fact that the man who needed help was a Catholic priest made not the slightest difference to Charles who became a Christian as a boy during a revival at Shiloh Methodist Church near his farm home.

The priest, Charles learned, was struggling through endless miles of dense jungle to cover his parish. He had 12 churches to visit at least once a month. There were isolated families who needed his ministrations, sick and injured natives who needed to be transported to the hospital at Rabaul. Father Gendusa sometimes walked 20 or more hours a day to reach those in need. If only he had an airplane . . .

The priest's faith had never faltered. He still believed, after 22 years, that one day an airplane would be at his disposal. Long before, in anticipation, he had taken flying lessons in the U.S. So strong was his conviction that he set to work with the help of his parishioners to build two airstrips. They cut trees, dug out stumps, leveled ground—all by hand. When the work was completed, Father Gendusa sighed: "Now we are ready. We only need our plane!"

Reading an article about the priest, Charles Aiken was awed and impressed. He clipped the article, stuffed it in his pocket, then forgot about it—but not for long. He kept remembering the New Guinea fisherman whose side had been ripped open by a shark, leaving a terrible, gaping wound. It took Father Gendusa two hours to reach the man, 12 more hours to transport him by boat to Rabaul.

"With an airplane we could have gotten him to the hospital in minutes," Father Gendusa remarked sadly.

Back in Greenville, the United Methodist layman began corresponding with the priest. "Pretty soon I got a letter from his home base, a monastery in Aurora, Ill. One of his good friends there asked if he and others could come here to talk to me. I told them no. I felt I had enough to do at the time. But the man said they wanted to see Greenville anyway, so they came down.

"They were nice chaps. They convinced me that helping Father Gendusa get his plane was the kind of thing I might be able to do. So I began sending out letters to various people, but only a few small contributions came back in response.

"Then I got the idea to get Bob Hope to come out and help. I wrote him a letter. He didn't go through his agent to reply. He called direct, but I was out of town on a business trip to Alabama. One of my customers down there said Bob Hope had been trying to reach me all morning. I couldn't reach him when I tried to call back, but Bob called me the next morning. He agreed to appear if we would hold the air show in Sandwich, Ill., a small community southwest of Chicago."

Three benefit air shows were held—one at Sandwich, two at the Pocono International Raceway in eastern Pennsylvania. The performers—airline pilots and commercial flyers of various faiths who double as skilled aerial acrobats and skydivers—volunteered their services for cost or less "because they believed in the cause."

One added attraction was Mario Andretti, champion race-car driver, who pitted his car against an airplane in a race around the track. (Andretti won, by the way.)

"The charge for the raceway facility was only one dollar," says Charles. "Not bad for 65,000 seats!"

Commented the *Spotlite*, published by the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, Aurora: "More outstanding than the show itself, however, was the fact that the entire performance was arranged for Catholic missionaries by a Methodist layman, Charles W. Aiken of Greenville, S.C."

Father Gendusa got his plane—a Cessna 206.

Then came the kidney machine project.

MRS. MARVIN STEVENS of the nearby Powdersville community lost the function of both kidneys last year. To survive, she urgently needed a dialysis machine which takes over the kidneys' function of removing impurities from the blood. But these machines are so expensive to rent and operate—almost $12,000 a year—that only about one out of a hundred victims of kidney disease is able to have this lifesaving service.

"I saw that we could help without a great deal of difficulty," says Charles. "I talked to her pastor, a Baptist, and then called an important person in Greenville, asking for his help. I suggested that he get about 20 people together, and I would also ask 20 to attend an organizational meeting in the recreation building at the church.

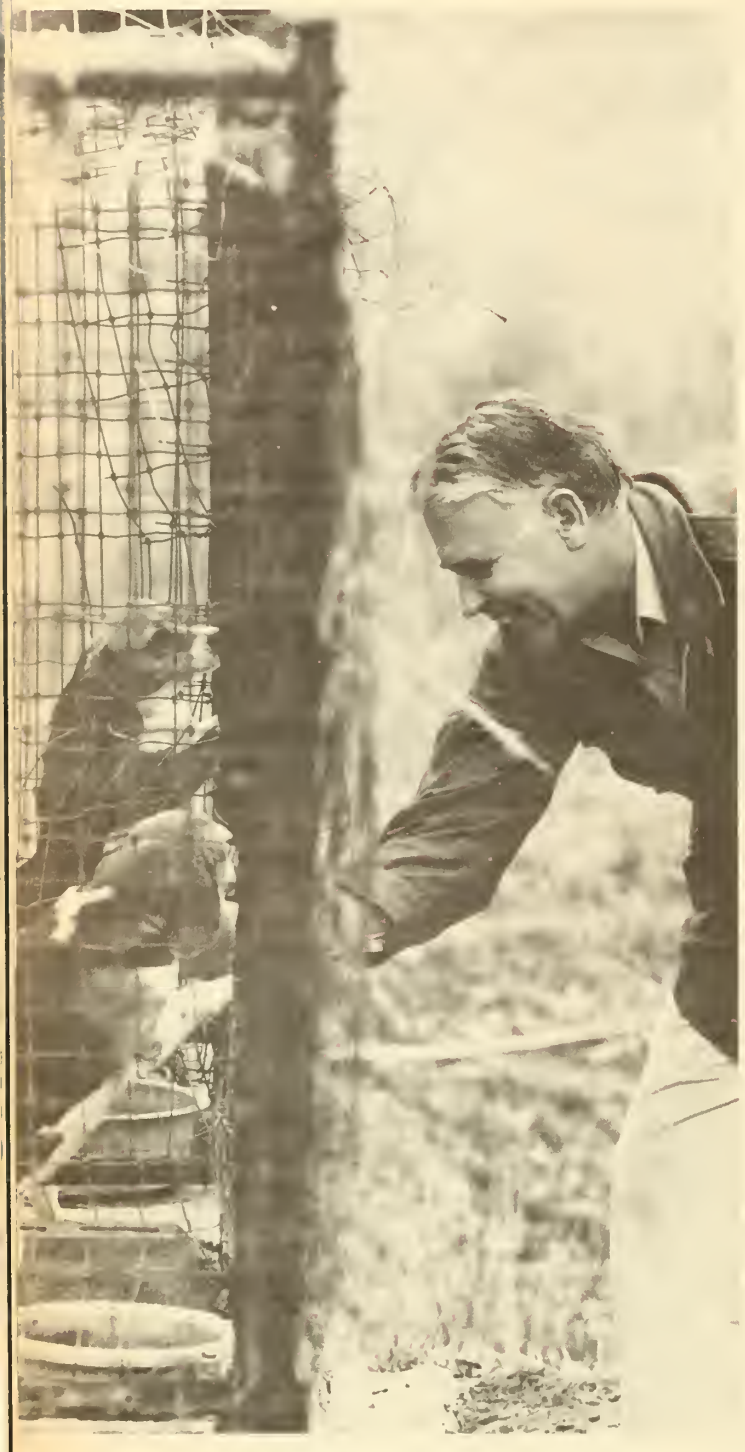
"All 40 we asked came to the meeting. I started the campaign off with $1,000, and a great many others followed suit. Even the young people are helping with such things as softball games and talent shows."

Commenting on this, one of his latest campaigns, Charles reveals something behind his knack for getting things done. "I've been trying to stay in the background," he says. "I accept calls that come in and give advice when I can. Mostly I lend encouragement to people who really know what has to be done. However, in many cases people are inclined to think too small—like having only 1,000 tickets printed for an affair when selling 5,000 should be the goal.

"Already $11,000 has gone through our treasury for the dialysis machine in just a few months, but I have no doubt we can keep Mrs. Stevens going."

The old Aiken farm, which has come down through four generations of the family, remains dear to Charles's heart—as does Shiloh United Methodist Church where he was baptized as a boy. "I can still feel the preacher's hand on my head and the water trickling down over my face. I remember hoping then that I could live up to what it would take to be a Christian."

Charles and his entire family "are very active in our church," says the Rev. Edwin W. Rogers, pastor of St.



The farm where he was born "draws him like a magnet" and provides relaxation with his beagles. Near the farm, where his parents still live, is Shiloh United Methodist Church, site of revival meetings he once attended.

Matthew United Methodist Church, Greenville. "He was our delegate to the 1972 annual conference session and is on the advance gifts committee of our stewardship crusade.

"Just last Friday," the minister continued, "I had lunch with him to discuss the possibility of our local church becoming the center for our area to which medical doctors could bring their drug samples. After they have been examined by a licensed druggist, Charles is going to be responsible for having them flown to Haiti for use in our conference medical-dental clinic."

Things like that all the time—an alcoholic needing a friend, an elderly woman in New Orleans wanting to carry on the work of a Viet Nam orphanage founded by her son before he was killed in combat, the black minister of a small country church burned to the ground needing help to rebuild.

Charles Aiken is the first to admit that no one man could carry through all the projects he has undertaken. He depends on the committees he has set up to do much of the work, "leaning on them unashamedly because that's what they're for. Some of the committees meet almost daily, and I let them handle much of what comes in. I trust their judgment because they are well qualified."

The Aikens are the parents of two children—a married daughter and a teen-age son. The father is a staunch advocate of a strong U.S. defense force and an avid student of western history. One of his dreams is to establish a library and museum in Greenville, but that is only a dream at present.

"I'm afraid to tell our board now that we need a museum, because we need so many other worthwhile things. I'm hoping somebody will give us $200,000 . . ."

There are rewards, of course, in the things he has already accomplished. For example, one of the first two boys admitted to the Boys Home in 1958 went on to work his way through college, ended up in the top ten of his class, now has a good job in a bank.

"We've had boys who were in very, very serious trouble," he says. "We feel that none of them is now in trouble. They have all turned out to be law-abiding citizens."

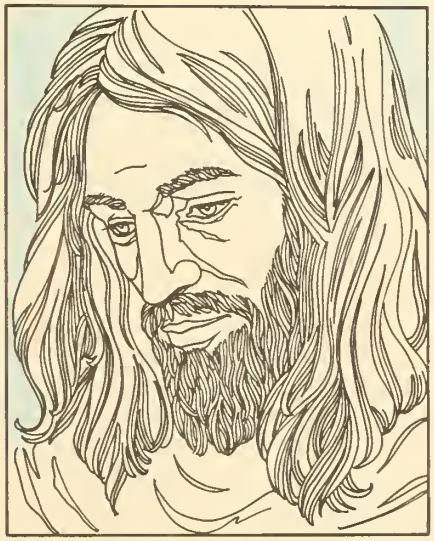
Not even Charles Aiken himself knows exactly what makes him tick. But he does express a simple philosophy involving Christian discipleship. It is his earnest desire "to lend a hand in any way I can to anyone in need of help. . . . My door is always open, my phones at office and home are for anyone who wants to call."

But perhaps the best explanation of his success as a promoter-philanthropist is found among his many friends and supporters in the community itself.

In Greenville they'll tell you that if Charles Aiken thinks a thing is worthwhile—well, it's worthwhile. And if it is worthwhile, he is the man who will know how to get it done. □

Archie and Jesus-Human Like Me

By William Boyd Grove
Pastor, First United Methodist Church
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania



As in Adam all men die, so in Christ all will be brought to life . . . —1 Corinthians 15:22, NEB

ARCHIE BUNKER has swaggered around in the homes of the American people for three years now, a blustering fellow who both attracts and repels us. His encounters with our world make us want to laugh and cry.

He lives in an aging New York neighborhood, in an ordinary house with threadbare rugs and well-worn furniture. Yet he *really* lives in all of our homes, for we are all in the family—and that is the point.

He walks through the modern world angry and frightened, prejudiced, uptight, and self-righteous, a not very intelligent clown. We love him, hate him, and laugh at him. Depending on our social and political perspective, we often blame the world's problems on him or on his liberal, modern, economically unproductive son-in-law, Mike.

Archie superbly entertains us but does not teach us; he is too much like us. I can hear him now: "Come on, Edith, after all, I'm only human . . ." So, any definition of *human* must be broad enough to include Archie Bunker.

Then there is this other man, and we don't identify him with a threadbare house in a deteriorating neighborhood—although perhaps we should. Rather, we identify him with a once-upon-a-time world two thousand years removed from pollution and racial tensions and napalm—and from our own personal problems. We put him on a pedestal so high above our world that he can't see us or we him. Or we put him in stained glass that distorts our true vision of him.

Strangely enough, though, we remember him, and his life continues to attract us. His teachings continue to escape from the dusty libraries, where we try to confine them, to penetrate the world of pollution and alienation and death. His influence upon people continues to be "good for what ails them," in the phrase my grandmother used too often. Wherever he is taken seriously, the quality of life is elevated.

We have many special titles which we apply to him. We call him Master, which means what it says. We call him Lord, which means leader. We call him Savior, which means liberator.

But he is first of all a human being, as he himself would tell us. And any definition of what it means to be human must be broad enough to include Jesus of Nazareth—as well as Archie Bunker. There it is, then: Archie and Jesus, human like you and me.

The Bible says quite a bit about both personalities. That idea may surprise you. You expect to find Jesus in the Bible. But Archie Bunker? Hardly. The Bible calls Archie by another name—Adam. You've always thought that Adam was the fellow who lived on the first page of the Bible in a garden of fruit trees with a wife who liked apples. Now you are learning that Adam's last name is Bunker and that he lives in an American city with a wife who is so gullible that she can be taken in by any snake that comes along.

Adam, you see, is just a word that means "Man" or "Everyman." Adam is everybody, a symbolic person with whom all of us can identify. Adam is the fellow who spoils things. Did I say Adam or Archie?

Paul's letter to the Romans suggests that in all of history there are only two people who matter for a

biblical understanding of the human experience. They are Adam and Jesus. Or another way of putting it: "Jesus and Everybody Else." We are all tied in with Adam. He represents the human being as a problem—to himself, to his family, to the world, and to God.

Even more related is our tie with Jesus Christ, for he is human too. He represents the solution to "what ails us."

In the 15th chapter of First Corinthians, where Paul discusses life and death in relation to the Resurrection of Jesus, we find this somewhat puzzling sentence: "As in Adam all men die, so in Christ all will be brought to life."

To make that as contemporary as last night's TV program, let's phrase it another way: "As it is the Archie Bunker in us that kills us, so it is in Jesus Christ that we are brought to life."

This suggests the vast range of possibilities that being human includes. All living parts of creation have a kind of inevitability about them. Acorns become oak trees, not rosebushes. Kittens become cats, not horses. The tomato plants we set out in the spring will not harvest radishes in autumn. There isn't much suspense here nor room for unusual surprise.

But what can a human being become and produce? There is much suspense in that question—and room for great surprise.

Go back toward the beginning of creation and look chronologically at man. An anthropologist describes what happened:

". . . At the end of that time [three billion years of prehuman life] there occurred a small soundless concussion. In a sense it was the most terrible explosion in the world, because it forecast and contained all the rest. The coruscating heat of atomic fission, the red depths of the hydrogen bomb—all were potentially contained in a little packet of gray matter that, somewhere between about a million and 600,000 years ago, quite suddenly appears to have begun to multiply itself in the thick-walled cranium of a ground-dwelling ape. . . .

"For three billion years, until an ageless watcher might have turned away in weariness, nothing had moved but the slime and its creations. Toward the end of that time a small, unprepossessing animal sat on his haunches by a rock pile on a waste of open ground. He clutched a stick and chewed the end of it meditatively. He was setting the fuse of the great explosion. In his head was the first twinkle of that tenuous rainbow bridge which stretches between earth and the city of the gods." [1]

Now look at what became of that unheard explosion—the apostle Paul —and Adolf Hitler; Mickey Spillane—and Thomas Jefferson; Roberto Clemente—and James Earl Ray; Archie Bunker—and Jesus Christ. Any definition of what it means to be human must make a place for these persons and an infinite number of others.

So we must define the word human to include the "am now" and the "will be." It cannot exclude any of the things we think, feel, or do—a mixed bag of hope and fear and rage and guilt and profound affection. To fully describe our humanness we must include the Archie Bunker, the Adam, in all of us.

Paul was describing a human being when he said of himself: "The good which I want to do, I fail to do . . . I want to do the right, only the wrong is within my reach." (Romans 7:19, 21, NEB.)

I am a human being, and in my humanness I spoil things. Archie is my other name and I am frightened and defensive and self-righteous.

But I am also always on the way to becoming something else—and that something else is human, too. Jesus Christ is my brother and my liberator. My self-righteousness is a fraud, but his righteousness is genuine and he is willing to share it with me and with you. Out of that realization we cannot help feeling the pull of tomorrow's possibilities for us all.

"As in Adam all men die . . ." Which is to say, "It is the Archie in us that's killing us. It's the Jesus in us who is calling us to life." □

[1] From "An Evolutionist Looks at Modern Man" by Loren Eiseley. Reprinted with permission from *The Saturday Evening Post*. Copyright © 1958 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

GENUINE LOVE

If I loved you,
genuinely loved you,
how would I show it?
how would I know it?

If I loved you,
and you were black and I white,
how would I feel toward you?
what would I do for you?

If I loved you,
and you were poor and I not so poor,
how far would I go to aid you?
how much would I change what made you what you are?

If I loved you,
wife, worker, child, or enemy,
how would I greet you?
how would I treat you?

And if I loved you
because I am a Christian,
how would I show you Christ in me?
and how would I discard and disown
what is simply my own
and extend to you only that which
has been branded in Baptism as His?

If I loved you,
how would you ever know that I do
because He loves me . . .
and you?

Lois Mae Cuhel

Say It!

Our editors may or may not agree with opinions expressed, but they believe in your right to Say It! And that is what this department is for.

The attitudes surrounding Watergate are symptomatic of what's happened to America. Just about everybody seems willing to have his brand of ethics apply to the other fellow but not to himself. We hear much about crime in the streets. But just how much respect is the street criminal likely to have for the law when he sees those high in the political life of the nation convicted of crimes. Have we forgotten that the deterioration of society sets in when those we trust with the greatest responsibility fail to assume it? We condemn welfare cheaters, rapists, and murderers, but what about the unethical and criminal practices of those who make up the cultured, educated, and religious community?

This nation cannot afford a double standard, one for the inner-city dweller who has ten strikes against him the day he's born, and one for the well-off, college graduate brought up in an affluent religious home. Watergate crime should be attacked with the same vehemence we attack street crime.

From *The Editor's Pulpit*
Michigan Christian Advocate

Why have the church's national youth assemblies been discontinued? It seems to me that we United Methodists have allowed fundamentalist pentecostals to take over national youth rallies, presenting a horrible kind of theology and program. We have been sending our youth to such rallies, then wondering where our youth are, why they do not come back into United Methodist churches, and why we can't have our own youth fellowship.

Who can forget the national assembly at Lake Geneva in 1944 and those great and glorious moments in Cleveland in 1948? Let's reestablish the national assembly for youth; let's re-create statewide or conference-wide youth assemblies (I am not talking about camps but about assemblies).

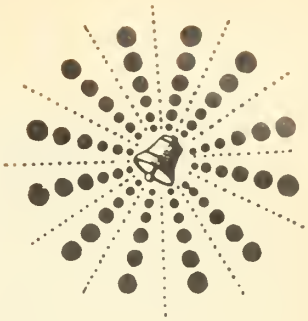
We have just had 23 eighth-graders return from a Confirmation Camp experience. They are fired up. This is the most enthusiasm we have had in and among our youth for many months. This was not the traditional camp but a learning experience on the district level. This camp was good—but we also need something for our senior-high and college-age youth that is not sponsored by the fundamentalists.

Robert P. Robinson, *Pastor*
Central United Methodist Church
Charles City, Iowa

I would like the church to do some serious thinking about the following idea: Gay sex can be as moral or immoral as the people involved wish to make it. Just as there are straights who hop from partner to partner, with no concern for persons, so do some gays. And just as there are enduring straight relationships, without infidelity or promiscuity, so is the case with gays. Morality is a matter of the quality of relationships.

And I think that there is a dynamic at work which heterosexuals need to try harder to understand: It is actually straight society which is largely to blame for gay immorality—if we wish to equate promiscuity with immorality. Straights protest strongly if gays wish to marry, as was so well illustrated by the reaction to the recent "marriage" [between two men in a United Methodist church] in Boston. Straights denounce and thus, in effect, hinder the attempts to create stable, caring, long-term relationships between two gay people.

David A. Yergerlehner, *Pastor*
From *The Methodist Churchman*



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The Feel of Fall

As the October sun sinks far to the south, days grow shorter, nights longer and cooler under a big orange-colored harvest moon. Crisp morning air tingles in our lungs, but many afternoons remain warm and mellow. Indian-summer days will come soon; of this we are sure.

In our temperate zone, trees sense that the time of withdrawal is at hand; slowly, day by day, they take back into trunk and roots the life of leaf and stem. Weeks after sumac catches fire, the woodlands burst into color—color richer by far if the season has been dry and warm, for it is not frost that gives our autumn trees their most gorgeous hues.

Misty mornings come to transform the rising sun into the pale semblance of a moon. But when the sun breaks through, turn to look at your favorite autumn tree nearby; then it stands out without competition, more beautiful than ever against its obscuring background of lingering mist.

Other things about us give us the feel of fall. In old meadows, vacant lots, roadside ditches, along fencerows, the unloved weeds themselves have had their own days of glory after reaching their prime. Look for Queen Anne's lace (upper right), ironweed, chicory, thistle, goldenrod, or common milkweed (see next page).

Autumn is not a time of death, as it would seem; rather, it is a time for rest and sleep. This we feel, or sense, along with tree and weed, spider and bee, chipmunk and woodchuck, in those

quiet days when "God throws
down in autumn his coin of
brown and gold."

With fall at hand,
silvery-green milkweed pods
(above) ripen and
pop open each day, strewing their
seeds to the wind. And
on the branch of autumn-russet
berries, a young spider has strung
a strand—ready to drift off,
perhaps, like a tiny parachutist
to a home in another field.

—Herman B. Teeter

The Common Denominator

By Kay Haugaard

I WAS TEACHING a night class at a city college and the students were really a "mixed bag." A number of them were regular, college-age young people—boys with long hair, beards, moustaches, and army fatigues gleaned from local thrift shops; girls resplendent in bell-bottoms or jeans and long hair. There also were some very conservative, middle-aged ladies wearing neat, short hairdos and PTA shirtwaist dresses. And then there was Mr. Giuseppe Giacomini.

I really felt sorry for Mr. Giacomini. In that roomful of frequently brash, self-important members of the younger generation, he had so much against him. Not only was he old and bald (except for a gray fringe) but a stroke had paralyzed some of his facial muscles, causing one eyelid to droop and making his speech difficult to understand. I always had to have him repeat things, and then I sometimes had to guess at what he meant. Fortunately, his written work was clear and well thought-out, filled with charmingly old-fashioned phrases and turns of speech.

The kids seemed to regard Mr. Giacomini with aversion, even fear. One evening after class one young man spoke to me about him. "Gee, that old guy really fascinates me!"

I was delighted, thinking that a communication breakthrough in the generation gap had been made. "Oh, have you been talking to him during the break?" I asked hopefully.

"Heck no!" He tucked his long, blond hair behind his ear. "I'm scared to. He talks funny."

"It's only a physical handicap. His mind is quite good. Just listen carefully and you'll be able to understand him. Why don't you talk to him? I'm sure he'd welcome that."

"Yeah, I suppose so." He walked out of the room looking disturbed and thoughtful, obviously feeling a strange concern about the old man. I wondered if he saw and was frightened by shadows of the years to come.

But the boy never did talk to Mr. Giacomini and neither did any of the others. I resigned myself to living with this feeling of uneasiness between him and the young people. Aside from being friendly with him myself, I abandoned hope that the barrier between energetic youth and infirm age would be breached. I was just afraid that in their brash honesty the young students inadvertently would say something that would hurt him.

Then one night the blond longhair brought his guitar to class. During the coffee break some of the other kids asked him about it. He told them he had a rock group that performed around town. He took the guitar from its case and strummed it a bit, just chording simply, and then laid it down on his desk.

Mr. Giacomini had been listening with the rest. Quietly, he picked up the instrument and without preliminaries launched into a vigorous rendition of an Italian folk song. It was no simple, strumming background but a skillful picking of the melody with rhythmic flourishes and slappings of professional quality.

Stunned looks came over the faces of the kids who stood watching. Their eyes opened, a jaw or two dropped slackly. They were startled out of their poses of self-possession and superiority. When he paused, they rushed him with questions.

"How did you do that?" "Could I see the fingering on that last passage again?" "What was the name of that piece?"

And as the tall, blond kid looked down on the little man, he seemed to have forgotten the superficialities—the bald head, the twitching facial muscles, the distorted speech—and watched only those vigorous, brilliant hands which revealed a glimpse of what was inside the head and heart.

It was Mr. Giacomini's moment of triumph and he enjoyed it to the full—expounding more by pointing and demonstrating than by speaking, and basking in the admiration focused on him at that moment. The barrier had been broken, the common denominator found. There is no generation gap between guitarists. □

What Do Church Women Want?

Liberation for All, Including Men

By Helen Johnson
Associate Editor, *Together*

FOR ME right now it's very hard to admit that I'm a homemaker. I don't degrade it for someone else, but for myself I think I should be doing something else with it."

Carol Ploch is 25 and the mother of a six-month-old daughter. She and her husband, Rich, served as associate ministers of Covenant United Methodist Church in Evanston, Ill., for a year while Rich was deciding whether or not he wanted to go into the ministry. His decision was for teaching instead, and now he is a graduate student at Northwestern University.

"I have chosen with Rich to be the raiser of our child at this point so he can go to school," said Carol. "I'm just not sure what I want for myself, and Rich had set a course for himself." She has mixed feelings about leaving her daughter in day care because "Christy is a very special little person," but she has a great need to put her own talents to use.

"I think that I have an awful lot of choices to make, but I wasn't given the training to make decisions. We've got to push for people to learn how to make decisions. The church needs to be in on decision-training, too, to give us the criteria to help us make our own decisions."

What would she want most for the church? "It seems to me that the church should do two things. One is to help people feel secure in themselves because of the love of God. The second thing is to help them go out and spread the love of God to other people."

Carol was one of a number of women we talked with in an effort to find out how these United Methodists would answer three questions: What do you want most for the church? What do you want most for other women? What do you want most for yourself?

Not everyone answered all three, but what they said underlines the theme of the Assembly of United Methodist Women for which 10,000 delegates from all parts of the United States plus still more Methodist women from overseas will gather in Cincinnati, Ohio, October 4-7. That theme is "Many Gifts, One Spirit."

United Methodist Women is a large and powerful organization with more than a million and a half members. We asked our questions of its president, Hazel Cummings, when we caught up with her by phone at her home in Dixon, Ill.

"I covet for the church to speak to all people and for what it has to say to be relevant for the world in which we are living today. I want the church to be helpful to people who want to live a good life—a life that is productive and helpful to others as well as to themselves."

As for other women: "I would like women to really prepare themselves to live to their fullest potential and, when given an opportunity in the church to serve, to serve to their very best abilities."

For herself? "Hopefully I will be able to serve the church and to help exemplify what the church should really mean to all people."

As associate general secretary of the Women's Division in the Board of Global Ministries, Theressa Hoover is one of the church's highest-ranking women executives. She had just gotten back from a trip to Europe when we talked to her.

What would she want for the church? "The thing I really want most is that we begin to take seriously a theology about the value of human personality and that we can begin to perform in a way that doesn't make distinctions between clergy and lay, meaning that clergy run the church and the laity pay the bills. And I wish that we would no longer have to deal in that debilitating effort of working the authenticity of the local parish against the godliness of the bureaucracy. Those are two of the areas in which I feel we have wasted too much time. In the former the church loses because we haven't learned how to use all of our resources, and in the second we simply dissipate our energies in arguments that have no validities."

What does she want most for women? "I would most of all covet for the women—*all* women of our denomination—that they take very seriously the great potential they have to direct this church. You don't have 54 percent of any organization's membership without being able to control it if you make up your mind to do it. I'd like to see women take very seriously their own abilities—to theologize, to make judgments in situations, to offer correctives, and to dare to propose new ventures for the church. In these years of the seventies I'd like to see women really begin to discover the awesomeness of their potential."

More in the pattern of what we ordinarily think of as a "typical" United Methodist woman, if there is such a thing, is Lillian White of Easley, S.C. Married 31 years to an Easley physician, Dr. J. A. White, and the mother of five grown or growing-up children, Lillian is busy with her family, her church, her friends, and her garden. "I'm a very happy person, and I can't want much more for myself right now, I really can't," she said. "I'm happy with my hus-

band, Tony, and the children all seem well adjusted and happy."

What would she want for the church? "I want it to be a useful instrument in the community and in the world, that it will let us serve and, in serving, realize that each of us has a talent to be used."

For other women? "I want them to like themselves and realize that each has a talent. I am struck more and more by the fact that people think too little of themselves instead of enough of themselves."

In 1962 Lillian and Tony White and their children were selected as the Methodist Family of the Year. Now their oldest daughter, 27, is the Rev. Toni L. White. She will finish her seminary training at Candler Theological Seminary in March. She is serving as minister of the 125-member Zion United Methodist Church near Easley, and when we talked to her she was working in the chaplain's office of an Atlanta, Ga., hospital as part of her seminary training.

Soft-spoken like her mother, Toni answered our questions thoughtfully.

"I want the church to remain a vibrant, alive community, not totally dominated by national hierarchy but coming out of the grass roots. And I would want for the church, most especially, feeling. I think we've gotten away from feeling, from a kind of emotional response; and when I say alive, I think of singing and dancing, of celebration."

What would she want for other women? "I want women to have the possibility to choose the life-style that they want, not to be afraid to examine the roles that women have been in, not to be threatened or to hurt each other. I think we frighten each other away. I want women to be able to look at who they are, not just in terms of what society expects women to be, or even what the church expects, but to do what they are capable of doing with the talents they have. I want that because I think then men and women would be able to relate to one another better."

What does she want most for herself? She wants to remain open enough to be able to move into different styles of ministry. "I have no idea what the next ten years will be like, and what it will mean when I'm married and have children, but I see a lot of possibilities."

Her biggest problem about being a woman minister at this point is feeling alone, even though she says she has had a lot of support from her district superintendent and other ministers, and while she hasn't encountered them herself, she realizes the special problems that women ministers face. "It's subtle discrimination. It just kind of says, 'You can't make it.' I think you can, but it gets discouraging."

She is a member of the Commission on the Status and Role of Women, a new agency of the church that was established by the 1972 General Conference to study the special problems of all women in the church and to work at righting them.

Some of these problems were outlined in a report made to General Conference by a special study commission. It said, in part:

"[Our] findings confirm one's intuitive feeling concerning the work in the local church. Women were found in those organizational activities which have been rather traditionally ascribed to them, namely, education, missions and worship and the Council on Ministries. Men predominated in the Administrative Board, the Committee on Finance, the Board of Trustees and the Pastor-Parish Relations Committee, all of which are crucial in determining policy and direction for the local congregation."

The study commission reported that women were less than 1 percent of the clergy, 25.2 percent of the general church's executive staff (not including The United Methodist Publishing House), and 21.9 percent of the general agency and board membership. Only 13 percent of the delegates to General Conference in 1972 were women—and that was the highest representation ever.

This was in a church with more than half of its membership women, but, as the study commission pointed out, the denominational statistics reflect the society in which the church exists. Our culture is essentially male-oriented and male-dominated, less so than in the past, but still carrying forward male-oriented customs and thought-forms.

The English language itself reflects the subordinate role of women. When referring to all people, most people still say "mankind" because traditionally the masculine form has been taken to be inclusive of both sexes. The church has had some trouble with language, too. Through the 1968 edition of *The Book of Discipline,* ministers were referred

Carol Ploch

Theressa Hoover

Lillian White

Judith Leaming Elmer

Nancy Grissom Self

Dorothy Jean Furnish

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to as "men divinely called to preach," bishops as "he" or "him," and so on.

The 1972 General Conference voted to instruct the editor of the 1972 *Discipline* to remove all "male-oriented, discriminatory" wording. Further, the 1972 General Conference adopted and the annual conferences in the 1973 sessions apparently have ratified three changes in the United Methodist constitution changing the word "men" to "persons" and referring to "the bishop" instead of to "he" and "him."

Even before the 1972 General Conference, United Methodist church-school curriculum materials were being studied to see if they were stereotyping masculine and feminine roles. Subsequently a set of guidelines was developed and approved by the then Board of Education at its annual meeting in January, 1972. Editors of other publications of the church have been making similar evaluations of their content.

The Commission on the Status and Role of Women is a 43-member commission that represents all ethnic groups and age categories in the church. It even represents men—there are 15 male members. Commission president for the quadrennium is Barbara R. Thompson of Silver Spring, Md. Fortyish, black, and married, she chairs the Baltimore Conference's Council on Ministries and has a full-time job as equal employment officer for the Internal Revenue Service.

The commission is staffed by an executive-secretariat team of two persons, Nancy Grissom Self and Judith Leaming Elmer. Both are married to United Methodist ministers.

Among the commission's goals and priorities are:

By 1976, if possible, seeing that at least one third of staff executives of national United Methodist agencies are women.

Developing understanding and support for the Equal Rights Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

Developing a talent bank of women interested in and available for employment at national and annual conference levels in the church and of women available for volunteer service on policy-making church bodies.

Discovering how and which conferences have commissions or task forces on women, and stimulating the creation of such agencies, which would have linkages to the national commission and to each other.

Developing a bibliography of materials on the status and role of women in the church, including biblical/theological perspectives, lifestyles, and so on.

Conducting research on results of General Conference legislation affecting women in the church.

Developing interpretive resources and making the commission visible in the church.

Developing a list of United Methodist ordained women and seminary students who are women.

Establishing liaison with other agencies and organizations, especially those with strong mutual interests.

Discovering what is being done and can be done to change sex stereotyping that may exist in church-school curriculum and other church resources.

The commission's style is less strident than militant women's liberation groups, and it is concerned that the liberation of women also accomplish the liberation of men. But if it is more moderate in its tone, it is no less serious about the achievement of its goals.

The desire for more freedom for all people was expressed by Dorothy Jean Furnish, assistant professor of Christian education and director of the curriculum laboratory at Garrett Theological Seminary, Evanston, Ill.

"The thing that I want for everybody is to somehow be able to be in an environment where we can all be freed up to do the best we can do, to realize our potential."

About Christian education directors who are women (and that includes most of them), Dr. Furnish told us: "The director of Christian education has often felt she was in a box because she was a woman, second to the pastor, filling a servant role in the church. Some have been willing to be in that box, but this is really changing now. Women who go into Christian education now go into it with the idea of who they are as persons and what they have to contribute to the total team."

She said that the new local-church structure has brought the director of Christian education into the center of the chart because she is on the Council on Ministries where she

is looked to more and more as a resource person for the whole program of the church. In fact, titles of some Christian education directors are being changed to reflect this.

The Rev. Harold R. Hipps, associate general secretary of the Division of Lay Ministries of the Board of Higher Education and Ministries, says that there are two categories of Christian educators—directors who are not ordained and ministers of Christian education who are.

A salary survey made four years ago showed male ministers of education getting about $1,000 to $1,500 a year more than women ministers of education. Women ministers of education received about $1,000 more than women directors of education. Certified directors of Christian education (the annual conferences grant certification according to standards set up by Mr. Hipps's office) were making $1,200 to $1,500 more than noncertified directors.

There are close to 15,000 professional lay workers in the church, Mr. Hipps said. Among them are many women, including deaconesses. Deaconess, however, is actually an order to which women are commissioned. About 70 percent of United Methodist deaconesses work as directors of Christian education in local churches.

All women in all denominations exist under a theological tradition that has blamed them for the temptation of Adam and a history that has subordinated them to the role decreed by the apostle Paul: ". . . the women should keep silent in the churches. For they are not permitted to speak, but should be subordinate, as even the law says. If there is anything they desire to know, let them ask their husbands at home. For it is shameful for a woman to speak in church." (I Corinthians 14: 34-35.)

Paul or no, today's women are speaking in the churches. They are being heard, and the rich diversity of their talents is being put to work in creative new ways on all levels. As we talked with people about this story, the idea of better days ahead was reiterated. Better days ahead for church women inevitably mean better days for church men. The goal is liberation of all people to become the most they can become. □

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As a rebellious 13-year-old stepdaughter, she was accustomed to saying—

'Meet Mr. Bushnell . . . My Dad'

By Becky S. Pearl

MR. BUSHNELL is coming for dinner," Mom called from the kitchen. Although I had heard these same words many times, my stomach lurched. This evening was different from those other pleasant evenings spent with our family friend when my father was living. Tonight my mother, sister, and I were what was left of our family. Tomorrow, Mr. Bushnell would become husband and father.

As a rebellious 13-year-old with an indifferent 8-year-old sister, little did I realize this was a step intended to make a broken family whole again. Most important, it would give us Mr. Bushnell, a big, soft-spoken Santa Claus minus the beard, some of the hair on top, and the ho! ho! ho!

Two months after he came into the family, I quit drinking the coffee I had pretended to enjoy just to keep Mom company. And later I declared: "It's good to feel young again!"

For an established bachelor, a houseful of three women and one bathroom must have been a shock. We were forever asking Mom if Mr. Bushnell was in the bathroom or had someone just left the door shut. And he would ask her if we were about ready to come out or had we just gone in. It took a few years, but we knew we were a real family when he meandered into the kitchen clad only in his undershorts, scratched his woolly chest, and yawned, "I'll have an omelet with sausage and waffles on the side."

Mom did the disciplining, but he was the fuel behind her fire. I came home one night from a high-school party with a few of the kids, asking permission to go swimming in a lake behind one boy's house. When she emphatically said, "No!," I started to beg and ask, "Why not?" She began giving several good reasons, and I impudently winked to my friends and said, "Maybe!" Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mr. Bushnell shaking his head, and I immediately told my surprised peers, "Sorry, I can't make it tonight." Mom was stunned. The look on her face after my quick surrender said, "Dear Lord, maybe she does have some sense after all."

Calling our new father Mr. Bushnell wasn't much of a problem at home, but other people tended to give us funny stares when we referred to "Mom and Mr. Bushnell." When I introduced him to a boyfriend as "Mr. Bushnell," my friend later asked me who that man was. Incredulously I snapped, "My father, of course!" Then I realized his question was legitimate, since our last names were different.

Janet and I resolved we had to start calling him Dad. Not that we didn't want to. It was just that he had been Mr. Bushnell to us for so long. And although we often forgot and said Mr. Bushnell instead of Dad, we never used the word stepfather. Because Mr. Bushnell was the kind of man he was—anything but the stereotyped stepfather sometimes found in children's fairy tales—we were terribly sensitive about that word.

One of my more candid friends once asked, "What's it like having a stepfather?" When I answered, "It's like having a father," she said, "Oh," as if she understood. And I think she did. Anyway, no one ever mentioned that word to me again after she passed the news.

Since we didn't advertise our actual relationship, people naturally assumed Mr. Bushnell was our real father. The night of the high-school father-daughter dance, someone asked my sister, Janet: "My heavens, how did such a big, tall man have such a teeny daughter? Still, there's no mistaking whose daughter she is. Who could miss after seeing both pairs of those blue eyes!" And as both pairs of twinkling blue eyes looked at each other, they saw something beside mirth—they saw pride.

Then came the day Grandma came to live with us after Grandpa died. Throughout the period of adjusting to three generations under one roof, a calm, refreshingly masculine voice assured, "Don't worry about it. Grandma will sleep in the girls' room for now. Next spring we'll add on her room." We did, and that's the way it was —for 15 years.

In later years, when someone helping him with his income tax asked why he didn't declare Grandma as a tax exemption, he replied, "I figure at her age about all she has left is her dignity, and I'd like her to keep it."

After my graduation from high school I told Mr. Bushnell I'd be wasting his money if I went to college. I said I didn't like to study that well, that if it hadn't been for his tutoring I never would have made it through high-school chemistry and physics. He couldn't disagree but said, "I'll make a deal with you. Try it for one year and if you don't like it, we'll try something else."

The year turned into four, a degree, and marriage to a boy from my hometown whom I'd never met until I went away to school.

We were always kidding him about being a pretty fair father—for a bachelor! To back up this theory, one Christmas we wrapped up a World's Greatest Father trophy and hid it on the tree so he would open it last. We were all ready for a retort like, "Haven't done too badly considering I have the world's worst kids!" What we weren't ready for were the tears spilling down his face onto the trophy. Nothing was said as he quickly turned aside so he didn't notice that his wasn't the only wet face that Christmas.

Now, as a wife and mother, I certainly have to agree with my little girl that "Pa-Pa is something else!" She will never know him as Mr. Bushnell. And if I sometimes slip and say, "Meet Mr. Bushnell . . . my dad," he knows that in my heart he's really "My dad . . . Mr. Bushnell!" □

Letters

CHAVEZ UNION MIGHT NOT BE WHAT FLORIDA WORKERS NEED

I was interested in the interview *The Church as Stockholder: Discovering Proxy Power* [July, page 10]. I think Christians should speak out and they should use any powers they have to help other people.

I didn't agree with the assumption that Cesar Chavez's union [United Farm Workers] is what Florida needs to help its farm workers. I think some farm workers who disagreed with Chavez in California have been treated very badly by Chavez and his followers. I wish some of our church leaders like Florence Little would look into the problems of those who don't want to join the UFW union.

MARY McKENZIE
Bellevue, Ohio

SUPPORT OF FARM WORKERS UNION HAS AN ETHICAL BASIS

This is in response to Earl W. McMunn's comments in a recent *Say It!* column [August-September, page 35]. There is an ethical basis for church persons' support of Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers union.

Expiring UFW contracts are not being renegotiated by the growers. Instead, contracts have been signed by the growers with the Teamsters (the nation's largest union) without elections.

Church persons can support the basic right of the poor to organize into unions of their own choosing by selective buying. You can tell whether the head lettuce or table grapes have been picked by members of the UFW by looking for the black eagle on the box.

Broad support has been given by Protestant and Roman Catholic church leaders for selective buying because, by organizing into unions of their own choosing, the poor develop a social base for achieving social and economic justice. Not to support them in this effort is to support a greater injustice. Selective buying is a way to utilize moral influence for a social good. The UFW union is depending upon this influence in their efforts to organize the poor.

LUTHER E. TYSON, *Director*
Dept. of Economic Life
Board of Church and Society

Send your letters to
TOGETHER
1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

THESE CHAUTAUQUA REGULARS ALMOST MADE THE PICTURE

We were very pleased to view the interesting pictorial *Chautauqua: Still Flourishing After a Century* [June, page 23]. We began vacationing there in 1965 and try to make it an annual part of our summer. Everyone should visit this very unique community at least once in his lifetime!

We stay at the Ministers Union near the Amphitheater. On opening night last year we were seated just to the right of Duke Ellington, so we almost had our picture taken! The Duke and his band were fantastic; they played for 3½ hours.

THE REV. and MRS. CALVIN R. KING
Aurora United Methodist Church
Aurora, Ohio

PIECE ON SIN WAS PROFOUND

You are doing a good job on *Together!* I read with particular satisfaction the lead article, taken from John M. Krumm's book [see *Sin: It's Still With Us*, July, page 1]. It's a fine and profound statement, it seems to me.

The theme "sin" is not very popular these days, even for preachers! It reminds me of the story attributed to Calvin Coolidge. When asked about a sermon he'd heard, he said it was about sin—and added that the preacher had been "against it."

E. BURNS MARTIN, *Ret. Minister*
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

EVERYONE KNOWS SIN IS STILL WITH US—NOW WHAT?

Why print drivel like *Sin: It's Still With Us*? We all know that. We meet it in ourselves and in the outside world every day. What we want to know is, what to do about it.

As for the author's saying that a sinner "insulates himself more and more within the walls of his self-esteem," most people I meet do not have enough self-esteem. Christ within us gives us self-esteem. He thought we were worth dying for, so shouldn't that give us a sense of self-esteem?

I cannot agree that "sin is overcome from outside the self." It is overcome by Christ within us. To be sure, the power to overcome sin lies with God.

BENJAMIN L. GAUL
United Methodist Minister
Spencer, Iowa

JULY ISSUE WAS ONE OF BEST SAYS LONGTIME SUBSCRIBER

My father was a subscriber to the old *Christian Advocate* ever since I can remember. Then I married a Methodist minister, and of course we took the *Christian Advocate* then. I have subscribed to *Together* since it was first published.

I think I have enjoyed the July issue more than anything I have read in a long time, especially

"Would you like—

Memorable Month in Mexico page 4] because I have been in Mexico. I also enjoyed the Florence Little interview [page 10], Mr. L. Elbert Wethington's comments in *Say It!* [page 19], and several others.

I am always interested in *Letters*—like to know what other people are thinking.

MRS. REBA R. EBNER
Cornwall, Pa.

FLAG-DRAPED ADVERTISEMENT FLASHES WITH HATFIELD PIECE

I wish to thank *Together* for reprinting Sen. Mark O. Hatfield's *The Danger of Merging Piety and Patriotism* [July, page 20] concerning the danger of misusing the Bible to support blind patriotism. This merging of pietism and patriotism is a danger—and is there not a strong dosage of this in the flag-draped ad for subscriptions to *Together* and *United Methodists Today* on the July issue's back cover?

I am concerned that what *Together* communicates might be more related to "the legacy of Constantine" and to "the baptizing [of] the secular state" than to being "Christ's messengers of reconciliation and peace."

PAUL W. CATON, *Pastor*
First United Methodist Church
Winnebago, Minn.

APPRECIATED HATFIELD ARTICLE

Thank you for publishing Senator Hatfield's article.

It has been about a decade since the publishing of the best seller, *The Green Berets*, which glorified war by the most powerful and richest nation in the world in one of the smallest and poorest countries. And why did we do it? The French got kicked out, and we went in like a big bully—and are having problems getting out.

Our riches and power apparently have gone to our heads and have got us into trouble in both foreign and domestic affairs.

Watergate reveals a worship of money, corruption, and lawlessness.

There is a saying that goes something like "Patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels." Or was it "fools"?

ROBERT E. MACHIN
Baltimore, Md.

ARTICLE ON ALCOHOLISM WAS LONG OVERDUE

In your June issue I found an article such as I had been longing to see in print. *They're Not All on Skid Row* [page 36] will do more good than many sermons against the use of alcoholic drinks—and I'm certainly not opposed to sermons on this topic.

This message, from one who says she and her husband are United Methodists, active in their big city church, and parents, needs broadcasting to others who are ruining their Christian influence with their children and others.

How long will it take us as Christians to realize that we must be done with a product that is ruining so many fine people and destroying the lives of thousands of others who are innocent?

MRS. A. LEE HALE
West Point, Ga.

ILLUSTRATION CEDITS

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TOGETHER BROUGHT JOY FROM THE BEGINNING

May I express my appreciation to you for *Together*, to which I have subscribed from the beginning. Thank you for the joy it has brought me.

EDNA TRITT
Kingsport, Tenn.

THANK YOU FOR *TOGETHER*; WAITING FOR NEW MAGAZINE

Now that your subscribers have heard that *Together* will be replaced by another publication, may I express what my family has thought many times: Thank you for a magazine which has been entertaining, informative, inspirational, and always welcome in our home.

We hope the new publication will be as successful.

MRS. MAE R. FOSTER
Rockford, Ill.

SHE'S DEVASTATED BY *TOGETHER*'S DEMISE

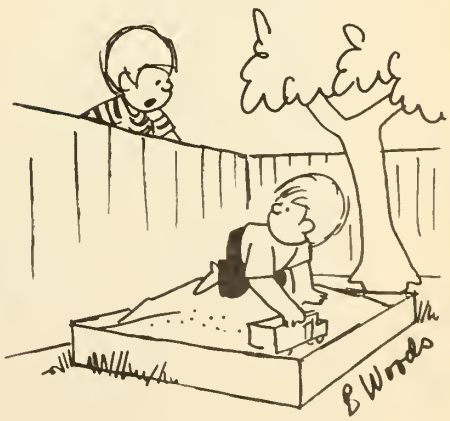
I am utterly devastated to learn that we won't be getting *Together* any more. Most particularly I will miss Hegbert Clutter, who is just about my favorite "read aloud" piece. All of Herman B. Teeter's writing has a perceptive and clean style and it shines through the magazine. Bravissimo to him here and there and Elsewhere!

MRS. VERA CARPENTER
Oakland, Calif.

We have some good news for you, Mrs. Carpenter. Herman B. Teeter's by-line will appear in United Methodists Today, along with some other familiar names—and some new ones. We think you'll like the results.

—Your Editors

to come play—



on my trampoline?"

In old churchyards and burying grounds
a new kind of hobbyist is seeking out and preserving

Those Olde Epitaphs

TIME, weather, and lichens have obscured or erased many of the epitaphs that abound in New England's old burying grounds; the dark gray slate headstones march in endless procession from Christian churchyards to rocky hilltops. The inscriptions and roughly chiseled designs stand in eloquent silence, yet they tell us the names, hint at the religious zeal, or cry out the woes of men, women, and children long lost to memory.

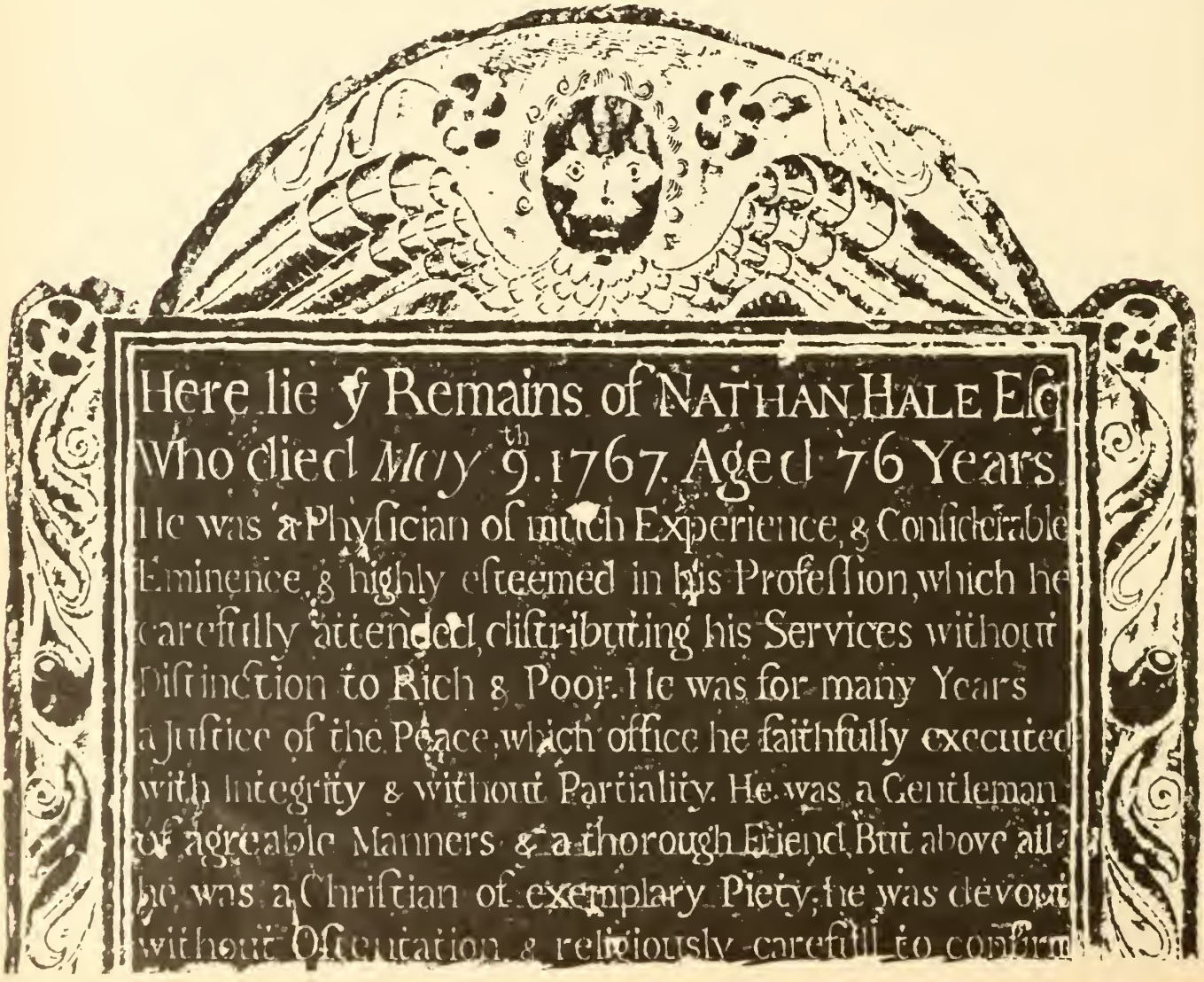
Some of the epitaphs give one pause, even if he has seen them before. One common admonition:

Stranger Stop and Cast an Eye
As You Are Now So Once Was I
As I Am Now So You Will Be
Prepare For Death and Follow Me

Or this verse:

Hail, Sweet Repose, Now Shall I Rest,
No More With Sickness Be Distress'd;
Here From All Sorrows Find Release,
My Soul Shall Dwell In Endless Peace.

Modern hobbyists and antiquarians are roaming among



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(Publication date: November 20, 1973)

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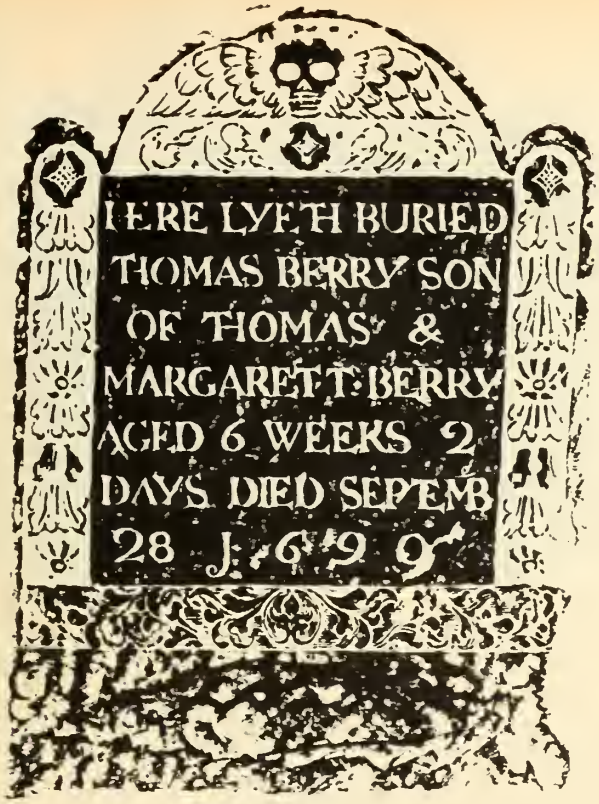
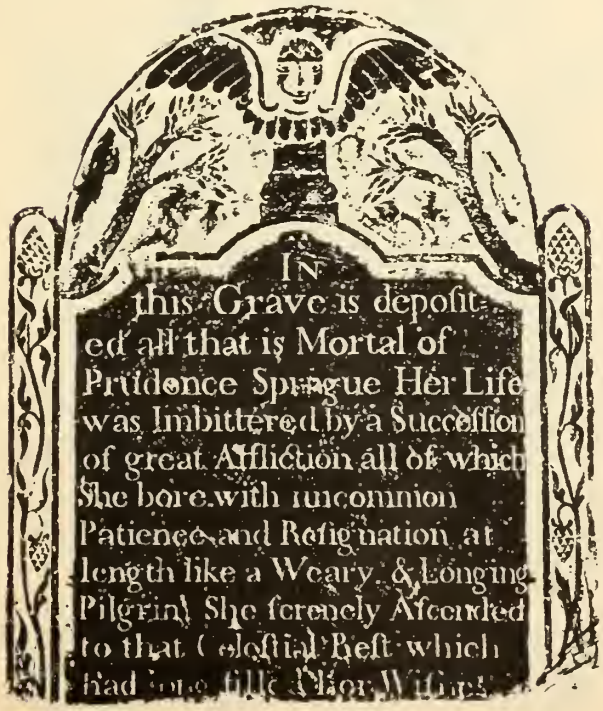


"Here lyeth buried
Thomas Berry, son
of Thomas &
Margarett Berry,
aged 6 weeks 2
days. Died Septemb.
28, 1699."

"In
Memory of
Hannah, wife of
Caleb Pike 3,
who died July 6, 1812
aged 21 years.
Stop my friend and shed a tear,
Think on the dust that slumbers here,
And when you read this date of me,
Think on the glass that runs for thee."



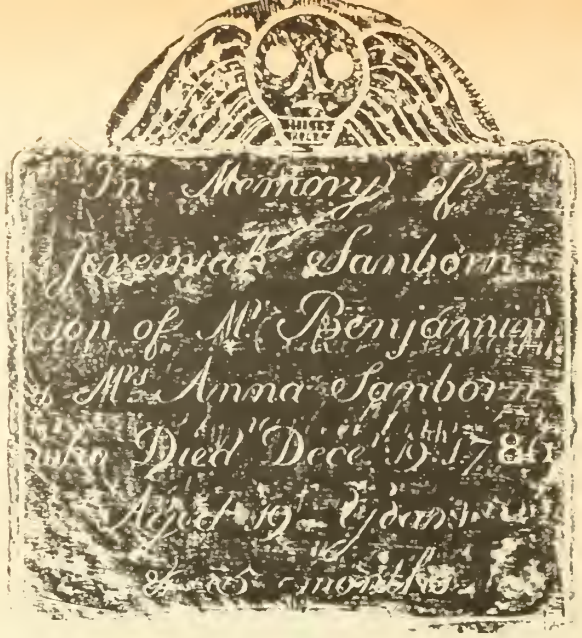
"In
this Grave is deposit-
ed all that is Mortal of
Prudence Sprague. Her Life
was Imbittered by a Succession
of great Affliction, all of which
She bore with uncommon
Patience and Resignation. At
length like a Weary & Longing
Pilgrim She serenely Ascended
to that Celestial Rest which
had long filled her Wishes . . ."
(Remainder obscured by earth.)

the headstones these days, copying and preserving by "rubbing" much of the pathos, sorrow, hope, faith—and love—left behind by devout people who lived in the dim past. Calling themselves "grave rubbers," they find nothing morbid in a hobby that will capture many of the designs and epitaphs for future generations before the stones themselves are worn away.

The rubbing process transfers onto paper, more clearly than one can see on the stones themselves, the verses, angels, crudely carved skulls and cherubs, and other designs and inscriptions characteristic of New England's early cemeteries.

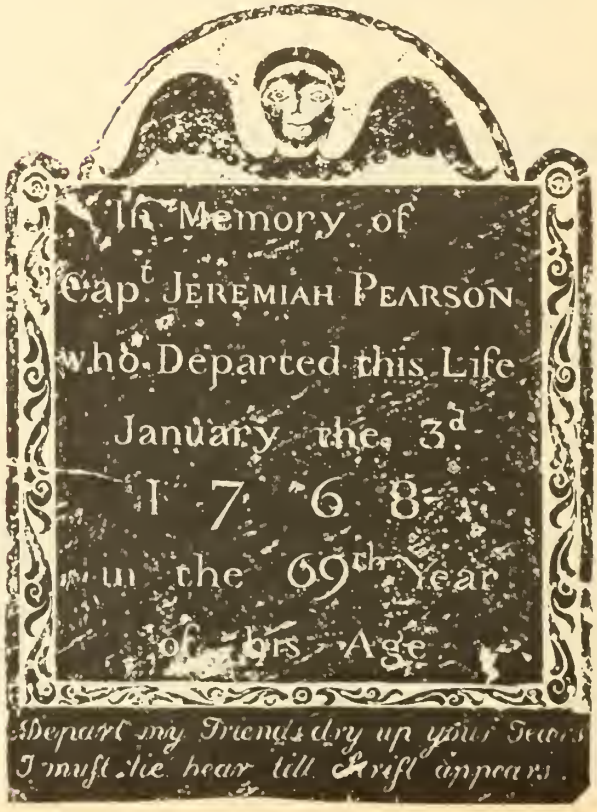
A rubbing hobbyist needs a large wax pencil or piece of graphite. Rice paper is preferred, though almost any kind will do if the sheets are large enough, even the kind used by some butchers to wrap meat. The paper should be firmly attached to the stone with adhesive or masking tape. The crayon or graphite should be rubbed rapidly to and fro with even strokes.

On these pages are a few of the rubbings made recently by Barbara True, a former staff member of *Together* and *Christian Advocate*, who found the stones in old burying grounds at Ipswich and Newburyport, near her home at Salisbury, Mass. The oldest headstone she found—that of a Mrs. Hart who was born some ten years before the *Mayflower* landed at Plymouth—is from the cemetery at Ipswich. *—Herman B. Teeter*



"In Memory of
Jeremiah Sanborn
Son of Mr. Benjamin
and Mrs. Anna Sanborn
who Died Dec. 19th, 1786.
Aged 19 years
and 5 months."

"Here lyes buried
the body of Mrs. Alice
Hart, wife to Mr.
Thomas Hart
who died June
the 8th, 1682. Aged
about 70
years."

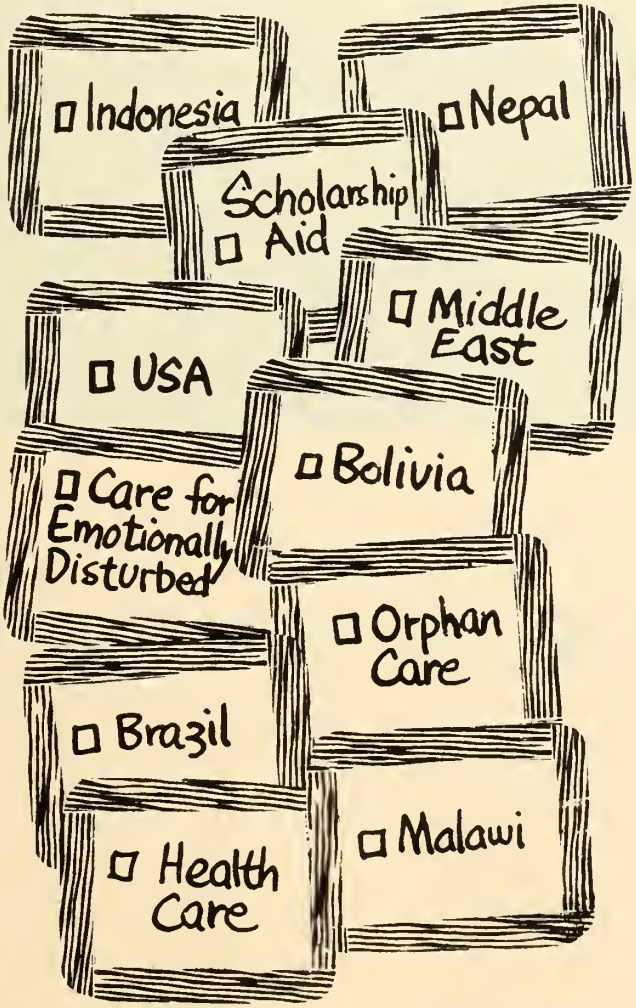


"In Memory of
Capt. Jeremiah Pearson,
who Departed this Life
January the 3rd
1768
in the 69th Year
of his Age.

Depart my Friends, dry up your Tears.
I must lie hear till Christ appears."

In some countries, half the school-age children are not attending classes. Either there are no schools where they live or they can't pay the modest tuition. For some lucky ones, there is a church-supported school and scholarship aid, if necessary.

Each day United Methodists help to meet some of the vital needs of more than a million children around the world. Health care, the security of a home, and schooling are high priority concerns in ministering to the needs of these disadvantaged youngsters.



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Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Church _____ Conference _____

The United Methodist Child Support Program is an official program of the General Board of Global Ministries with all child-care institutions approved as General Advance Specials.

DETACH AND RETURN PAGE.

Vegas: Just One More Time

By G. W. TARGET

Adapted from an article originally appearing in *Church of England Newspaper*. Used by permission.—*Your Editors*

The Fabulous! The Fan-tastic! Free Swinging! Free Loading! A-C-T-I-O-N Fun City!

SHE WAS about 35, 40 . . . standing on the corner along that Las Vegas strip of nighttime daylight beneath that flickering neon . . . not bad-looking in an artificial sort of way, trim little figure on the point of getting too fat for comfort, too motherly for the girl she was still trying so hard to be . . .

And she was crying.

Being a stranger with nothing to lose, I took a chance: "Excuse me, but—er—are you in trouble?" She looked up . . . and her face was hard, a mask of distrust: "On your way, Mac," she said.

So, for the hundredth time that trip, I explained myself: English, a writer, greyhounding across the States, seeing the country, talking to people, no angles, no percentage . . and she began to believe me.

"I'm into something," she said . . . and there, beneath the heaven tree of every sort of stars except the real ones, and walking down the block, and eating the two king-size cheeseburgers which had to be the limit of my spending, she told me like it was from where she was at:

She came from Bay City, Mich. Separated from her husband. Been in Vegas nine days of the two weeks she'd booked for the vacation—which left five days to go, four not counting today.

Started off with money enough, played the tables, lost a little, won a bit less, lost a little more, won six hundred dollars on the third night . . . and that was the way it went. She played the higher-stake tables, and the tables won—every time the tables won.

She'd had this air ticket back home to Bay City—so she traded it in for a cash refund, less discount . . . and won two hundred dollars in the first two or three hours—but was busted again on this bad streak . . .

So, yesterday, she checked out of her hotel, got a 75 percent refund on the five days, put her bags in a locker at the bus depot . . . and tried one more time, just one more time . . .

"Busted?" I said.

She had enough spirit left to grin: "Boy! Did I ever get busted!"

"How are you going to get back to Bay City?"

"Good question."

Seemed that her husband paid her this monthly check—very strictly that, no advance—and she was (and she grinned again) a "bad credit risk; got this real low credit rating."

"So what are you going to do?"

For a moment I thought she was going to cry—but she held on—though all she could trust herself to do was shake her head.

And what could I do?

My own funds were thinner than even my tightly budgeted plans allowed for, and I still had a long way to go . . . and, well, suppose I had staked her with a few dollars. More than likely she'd have tried the tables just one more time . . .

And, anyway, it could all have been part of the act, part of the old game, the con trick, fleecing a sucker, milking an easy mark . . . though I must admit she went through those two king-size cheeseburgers like she needed them real bad.

But, well, God was taking a chance on me, wasn't he?

So I took a chance on her.

"Tell you what," I said, "if it doesn't cost too much, I'll buy you a Greyhound ticket for Bay City, okay?"

She looked at me for a very long time. "Why?" she said. "You don't know me. What's your angle?"

"No angle," I said. "I'll just buy you the ticket."

"Mac," she said, "this is Vegas. There's gotta be an angle!"

So I took another chance and gambled on the certainty of God. . . . "If Christ gave his life for me," I said, "what's a few dollars?"

I was afraid I'd played it all wrong. Her face went hard, the mask stared at me.

"We going to start this meeting with a word of prayer?" she said.

"We could do worse."

"When do I get my tract?" she said, eyes narrowing suspiciously.

"Leave me your address. I'll mail it, okay?" She had to grin, and I began to hope again . . .

"Come on," I said, "let's go buy that ticket."

"Money in the trash can," she said as I bought that ticket . . . which was more than my budget allowed for—fifty-six dollars more!

And her face remained a mask as we waited . . .

"Good-bye, Sucker," she said, and turned her head away.

Fifty-six dollars . . .

But, suddenly, there she was running, calling . . . and she was crying, really sobbing, her face crumpled and smeared . . .

"Sorry, sorry, sorry," she kept saying, "sorry, sorry . . . sorry . . ." I put my arms around her and held on and said what I could, which wasn't much—useless words . . .

"Pray for me," she said when she was able to control her voice.

So, there on the loading bay, watched by passengers and porters, I tried to pray. But what use are words? And so we wept together . . .

"Address?" she said. "What's your address?"

"It doesn't matter," I said. "Honestly . . . you just get on . . ."

"Please," she said, "give me the chance, huh?"

So, as she stood on the step of the Greyhound, with the driver waiting to close the door, I scribbled it on a scrap of paper.

"Good-bye," she said, her face a real mess . . .

Now it would be great to be telling it the way it ought to be if we lived in that sort of dream world—that I got my fifty-six dollars back at the end of the next month, with a letter.

But the truth is that I've never seen or heard of her again.

True, God has repaid the loan of those few dollars, with interest—for he is just about the safest bet in the world, especially in Vegas!

Which is why I'm not too worried about my gambling woman. She's been touched by the Holy Spirit. So where can she hide? Bay City? □

Kaleidoscope

A Christian focus on the visions of reality and illusion that come to us from books, music, broadcasting, the theater, and other art forms.

Print

There's a quotation I've been wanting to use, and this last appearance of *Kaleidoscope* seems to be a particularly appropriate place for it. Publisher Frederick Fell said it: "Books should either enlighten or entertain, and great ones sometimes do both."

Not very many great books appear in any era, and in this age of exploding communications there are even fewer than there used to be. Still, a lot of books worth reading and enjoying do come out every year, and reading them for *Barnabas*, for *Looks at New Books*, then for *Books*, and finally for *Kaleidoscope* has been my unalloyed delight in the last 15 years.

Fine art in children's books? Illustrations like this from Noah and the Rainbow *are fine enough to be hung on the wall.*

Children's books are a special pleasure because never in my own childhood did I find the elegance of bookmaking or the magnificent colored illustrations that distinguish some books for children today. I have a tendency to get too carried away by this kind of book, and I have to remind myself, as I should remind other adults, that when youngsters are invited to choose books for themselves they are likely to make a beeline straight for the comic books.

By all means, do give them beautiful, artistic, imaginative books. But don't be surprised if you discover these expensive gifts tumbled later, dog-eared and torn, into a toy chest. And don't take it as a put-down. Children use books differently than their elders do, and if a small owner uses one as part of a bridge, or a house, or any other structural project that's being worked on at the moment, perhaps it contributes as much to the development of imagination in that way as it does when it's looked at and read.

Well, that's one realistic way to look at it. Still, I think it's possible to teach all but the smallest children not to commit mayhem on books. I'd feel some pain if a book like **Noah and the Rainbow** (Crowell, $4.95), for instance, were to show up tattered and battered. Delicate, imaginative, watercolored paintings by Helga Aichinger illustrate this sensitive retelling of the Bible story by Swiss poet Max Bolliger. It has been translated for children who speak English by Clyde Robert Bulla.

For enlightenment I would direct you to the profusely illustrated **American Civilization** (McGraw-Hill, $35). Editor Daniel J. Boorstin, who is director of the National Museum of History and Technology, sees America as an idea, and a group of authorities who are also excellent writers search for its meaning from a 20th-century viewpoint. Martin E. Marty is the writer on religion and spiritual attitudes. Thirty-five dollars is a lot of money for a book, but this is a lot of book, fascinating as well as informative, as all good books should be. By Mr. Fell's definition, it is a great book.

For entertainment I've just finished reading **Rendezvous with Rama** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $6.95). This is science fiction by a master science writer, Arthur C. Clarke. It's about the exploration of a huge spaceship that appears in our planetary system, approaches the sun, and then leaves as mysteriously as it came. There's some theological speculation in it that doesn't have much substance. Mainly it's a good adventure story that undoubtedly will end up as a motion picture.

Enlightenment again, and some inspiration, from a biography of a 19th-century Methodist preacher and bishop who spoke out against the hypocrisy of racism before the Civil War and at a time when few white men were doing it. **Gilbert Haven: Methodist Abolitionist** (Abingdon, $8.95) brought its author, William B. Gravely, the Jesse Lee Prize in American Methodist History that is offered biennially by the Commission on Archives and History of The United Methodist Church.

Dr. Gravely, who is on the faculty at the University of Denver, makes no attempt to popularize history, but he has written it with a quick, sure pace.

TV

Violence on television does have an adverse effect on the behavior and attitudes of viewers, according to a report that has been released by the broadcast staff of United Methodist Communications (UMC).

Violence: Summary of Research is the result of extensive conversations that UMC staffer Ben T. Logan has had with experts in fields of human behavior. Some of its conclusions: "Viewers tend to imitate the behavior and attitude models they view on television. . . . It is possible to present—in entertainment format—

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programming which provides viewers with nonviolent ways of coping with conflict or less violent ways. . . . Violence is not necessary to drama. Conflict, not violence, is what provides dramatic suspense. . . . Conflict between persons and groups is normal in our culture. It is unlikely that we can significantly lower levels of conflict. It is, however, possible to modify the way we respond to conflict."

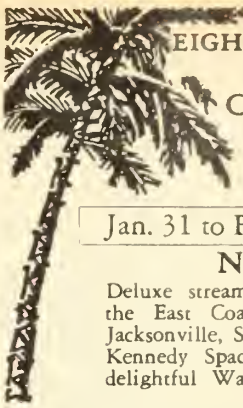
Taking the cue from this, broadcasting agencies of the United Methodist, United Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Christian (Disciples of Christ) churches are cooperating to produce three television spot announcements that will be aimed at helping children see and use methods other than violence to resolve conflict. These will be released to commercial TV stations in January, 1974. Mr. Logan is coordinator of the project.

For 12 weeks last spring, public television station WITF-TV in Hershey, Pa., devoted Sunday mornings between 9:10 and 11:10 to airing a series of short films for church-school groups to use as discussion starters. To accommodate classes that started at different times, each morning's film was run and rerun for as many as six times.

Known as **Project SEE** (Sunday Education Experiment), the series was used by 120 churches in the station's nine-county viewing area. They represented ten denominations with approximately 2,000 members of junior and senior-high, post-high, and young-adult classes involved. The central theme was reconciliation as seen in the Sermon on the Mount, and extensive study guides gave discussion leaders overviews of the content of each film and suggested techniques for class use.

The idea for the project came from the general manager of WITF-TV, the Rev. Robert F. Larson, who is a Presbyterian minister. It was made possible by a grant from TELERAD, an ecumenical group of churches organized to promote more effective religious programming and utilization in south central Pennsylvania.

The Rev. Donald E. Zechman, minister of Bethany United Methodist Church in Lancaster, Pa., who is program coordinator for TELERAD, says that of discussion leaders who answered a station survey on the series



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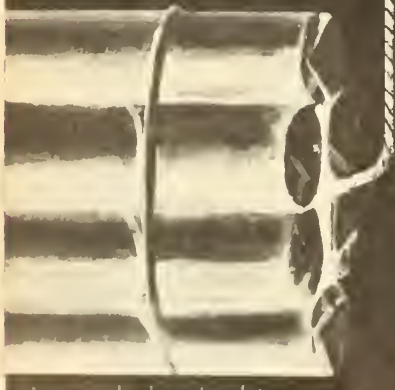

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91 percent thought that the telecasts were good or excellent. Seventy percent said the group response was good to excellent. A number reported increased attendance in their classes, greater student interest, more student participation in discussion, and greater depth in discussion.

This is an innovative use of public TV that would be even more appropriate for cable TV. Churches wanting to know more about it may write to Mr. Zechman at TELERAD, 801 N. President Ave., Lancaster, Pa. 17603.

The biggest thing on public television this fall is a nine-part dramatization of the Leo Tolstoy novel **War and Peace.** The public stations will begin airing it in November.

Also starting in November will be a five-part series, **The Killers,** that will deal with the five causes of three out of every four deaths in America today. These are cancer, heart disease, genetic difficulties, pulmonary disease, and trauma. Aired one a month on the public stations, the programs will follow the format that was so successful with *VD Blues*—each hour-long program will be followed by a half-hour local program during which viewers can call their local stations with questions for local authorities.

October 7 is the starting date for a new Masterpiece Theater series dramatizing Dorothy L. Sayers' mystery novel **Clouds of Witness.**

For the dates and times your local public station will air these, consult your local listings.

Special on Specials

Oct. 15 on CBS, 8-8:30 p.m. *Charlie Brown, You're Not Elected.* This is a rerun of a Charlie Brown cartoon originally called *Charlie Brown, You're Elected.* Don't ask why the title was changed. Maybe there was a recount.

Oct. 15 on CBS, 8:30-9 p.m. *Dr. Seuss: On the Loose.* A new group of three cartoons by the author of a beloved series of children's books.

Nov. 18 on NBC, 5-6 p.m. *Holy Land.* An NBC-TV religious special produced with the cooperation of the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council of Churches. An NBC production team visited Jerusalem, Galilee, Jericho, and the West Bank of the Jordan River to film this report.

Nov. 18 on CBS, 8-9:30 p.m. *The Thanksgiving Treasure.* Drama written by the author of the eloquent *House Without a Christmas Tree,* which you may have seen last December.

These listings are based on eastern time. There could be shifts in scheduling at the last minute, however, so it's wise to consult your local listings for confirmation or revisions.

Films

Critics' and audiences' reactions to **Jesus Christ Superstar, Godspell,** and **The Gospel Road** are as diverse as you'd expect them to be. Each of these films is an interpretation of Jesus and his ministry, and none of the three tries to be literal.

Representatives of 9 national and 93 local Jewish organizations have protested that *Jesus Christ Superstar* represents "a damaging setback in the struggle against the religious sources of anti-Semitism." The Rev. James M. Wall, editor of *The Christian Century* and a well-known film critic, disagrees, saying that *Superstar* is "superb cinema, stimulating theology, and in no way anti-Semitic." The Rev. William F. Fore of the National Council of Churches' broadcast and film division disagrees with Dr. Wall's critical evaluation, calling the film an "artistic mistake" that "makes one either want to laugh or leave in embarrassment."

Audiences generally like *Godspell,* yet some people resent seeing Jesus pictured as a clown. And whether *Gospel Road* appeals to you depends on how you feel about country-and-western music.

Which, if any, of the three films you are going to like depends on your own theological view of Jesus and your taste in theater.

At the beginning I said that this is *Kaleidoscope*'s last appearance. So it is. Your next *Together* will be a big, combined November-December issue that will review *Together*'s 17 years as United Methodism's family magazine and will reprint some of the outstanding features it has carried. But in late December you will be receiving Volume 1, Number 1, of *Together*'s successor, *United Methodists Today.* That bright new magazine for all United Methodists will carry reviews in a department called *What's Happening.* Look for it.

—Helen Johnson

As in Days of Yore . . .

THE Edwardsville (Ind.) United Methodist Church was celebrating 20 years of worship in its "new" church, but one would have had to go back at least 50 years to recognize some of the goings-on there one Sunday last fall. Overalls, button shoes, bonnets and ruffled dresses; horse-drawn farm wagons and buggies; old hymns sung to the accompaniment of a pump organ. Some members came on horseback, recalling the circuit-riding preachers of other, less hurried days.

To complete what the Rev. Harold R. Walker, pastor, described "as an uplifting, satisfying experience we hope to repeat," a noon meal consisted of many hearty, old-fashioned dishes. That was followed by choral music from the Old Capitol United Methodist Church of Corydon, Ind. For passersby, the 230 members, and their friends, "Homecoming and Old-Fashioned Day" at the "new" Edwardsville church presented a picture from the past, one that caught the flavor of Sunday at church in the long ago.

—Herman B. Teeter

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